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Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. F. B. M. BROTHERSON.

Oh! waiting grave—must thou enshrine
That cherished form, I love so well—
Those pleasant smiles, that o'er my way,
Like the refreshing sunlight fell?
Must those dear eyes go down to thee,
Closed in their calm, unbroken sleep?
How long will be the future years,
If thou their gentle beauty keep.

Oh, waiting grave! how can I give
To thee that loved and honored head,
Whose silver hair, has been my pride
And joy, as happy moments sped,
I charge thee, take it tenderly,
For 'round it strong my heartstrings cling.
Guard it amid its low, lone rest—
A cherished and a sacred thing.

Thine, too, those quiet, gentle hands,
That many a deed of love have done,
Noblest so calmly, side by side.
Grave! what a treasure thou hast won!
Their blessing lingers on my head;
I feel their pressure fond and true.
Take them—yes, take them, I have known
Their last good night,—their fond adieu.

Those silent feet—though slow and sad
We bear them to their resting-place—
Have trod with joy the darkened vale,
Kept by a loving Saviour's grace.
I shall not hear their coming steps,
That music sounds for me no more;
And yet their echoes come to me,
In gladness, from your shining shore.

Soft be the slumber of the eyes,
That ever o'er my life have smiled,
Whose glance of kind, approving love,
For many a vanished hour, beguiled,
Amid each dark and sombre noon,
Their memory sheds its cheering ray—
A vision of undying power,
Whose beauty cannot pass away.

I know that on some coming day,
My heart shall thrill to hear again
The tone and words I love so well,
For which my spirit longs in vain—
I know that smile shall yet be mine;
That dear hand press again my own;
That all my grief shall pass away,
And I shall know, as I am known.

And with that perfect faith and trust,
I look away from earth to heaven,
Adoring Him whose loving hand,
Such blessed light to me hath given—
Still brighter gleams those streets of gold,
Since kindred feet their paths have trod,
Still nearer seems that angel clime,
Since one we love went home to God.

Peoria, Ill.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

"I KNOW THAT I LOVE HER."

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

I know that I love her, I will not deny it,
Really delicious love is, by the wray—
Isn't it best for you, Harry, to try it?
There is demure little Annabel Grey.

I cannot declare that she's waiting for you Hal;
She plays with her beaux as a child with a toy;
Yet I believe that the girl can be true, Hal,
The same worthy the asking, my boy!

What is the cause of your very fine color?
Wonder if speaking of her made you blush!
Sure, the sweet Annabel cannot be duller
Than—What have I said that you tell me to "hush?"

Now, if you love her, I'm happy to know it,
If she'll be coaxed into loving as well,
Ah! but you have the disease, for you show it;
Glad am I, too, that she's cousin to Nell.

So, as I did, to my dear little girl, Hal,
True as a clerk, I was only
Yet my poor heart was in such a sad whirl, Hal,
For her I was ready and willing to work.

"Charley," her father said, ever so kindly,
"Nelly is pleasant, and pretty and good,
You love her, I'm willing, but do not love blindly,
The care that must come, is it well understood?"

I've health and I've hope, sir, tho' never an acre,
And, with her earnest words helping me on,
If she will come to me, bless her, I'll take her,
Feeling that life has then really begun.

"That is the spirit, my boy," said her father,
Who, by the way, has a plenty of pelf,
"I can assist you, yet much would I rather,
See in you strength to depend on yourself."

Aye, on myself—and how gently I'll guide her
Over life's rough and tempestuous sea!
Never a shadow of ill shall betide her:
I love her—and, oh! I am sure she loves me.

Herkimer, N. Y., 1863.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

EFFIE CARLETON.

Leaf from the Heart History of an Authoress.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MAY OSGOOD.

[CONCLUDED.]

The winter passed without the visit from him she had hoped for; various excuses of business, etc., had been accepted, unquestioningly, by the fond heart resolved to trust him implicitly; but spring was opening brightly now, and she was expecting to see him very soon. He could not disappoint her again, she thought, and surely this time all suspense would be at an end, and he would claim her openly, and thus looking forward, the spring seemed to her very beautiful.

Alas! poor Effie! hers was a short-lived gladness. It was scarcely summer yet, when, instead of the visit for which she was almost daily looking, came a letter. "This is surely to tell me when he will be here," she thought, as she took it eagerly from the messenger whom she had despatched to the office for it, but as it touched her hand a sort of heart-sickness came over her, forcing her to sit down, for the instant quite unable to open it. It was no vain presentiment of evil, she thought, when, the momentary faintness passing, she was able to read its closely-written pages.

"You are looking for a visit from me, Effie," the words ran, "but I do not dare to see you again till I have made a full explanation of my feelings and views to you; a painful task to myself, and I fear to you also.

"Your letters, sweet and beautiful as they are, drive me almost to madness, showing me, as they do, how immeasurably you are my superior, how impossible it is I should ever make you happy. You do not realize how I feel, Effie, when I speak of my inferiority to you, you either laugh at me or take no notice of what I say, but the fact remains the same, and it is like a fire in my very soul.

"Undoubtedly, if there is a superiority of intellect or education in the marriage state, it should be upon the husband's side, but you must know (though you never will admit) that this would not be the case with us; your talents and your education place you upon an eminence which I can never hope to reach. I have struggled long against this feeling, but it grows stronger, daily and hourly, making me, I do assure you, very unhappy.

"Effie, I am bound to you in honor, and will, if you require it, fulfil my engagements to you to the letter, but I am convinced it will make neither of us happy under existing circumstances. Let us be brother and sister, Effie; let me come to you for the advice and sympathy I so much need. I shall never marry; it is not because I love any one else that I am writing thus; nor because I do not love you. I shall never love any one else as I have loved you, but you are too good, in every sense of the word, for me. I love you reverentially, half fearfully, as I might love an angel, *not* as a man should love his wife. It is wrong even to try to mingle the pure gold of a nature like yours with such dross as mine.

The eight closely-written pages were but a repetition of words like these, ringing all manner of changes upon the one idea which Effie's blanched lips framed into few words at its close; "he wishes to be freed from his solemn vows!" she said. "Oh! my God, pity me!" She sank to her knees, beside the couch on which she had been sitting, and bowed her head in wordless, voiceless agony upon the letter clasped tightly between her slender fingers.

How long she remained thus, she never knew; unable to pray, unable to think—conscious only that «a horror as of great darkness" had fallen upon her; wrestling blindly and silently for help to meet and conquer the storm sweeping over her. She was in her own room and secure from intrusion, the family supposing her to have retired, and far into the night she still knelt where the first violence of the blow had prostrated her. Will not God judge those who inflict such agony as this, who win hearts and then coolly cast them off, leaving them to a suffering worse than death? They are amenable to no *human* tribunal—only His eye sees the hours of maddening anguish, only His ear hears the cry of hearts forsaken, but that *He does* hear and see may well make those who trifle with a woman's best affections tremble. He registers every unfulfilled promise, every broken vow, as well as the misery, of which the world knows nothing, resulting from them.

Effie appeared at breakfast, as usual, the next morning, and smiled when her sisters asked why she had retired so early, and if she did not hear them try her door and bid her good-night when they came up. «She had not heard them," she said; «her headache made her stupid, she fancied." The same headache (by no means a fiction) accounted for her looking pale, and, without a word to those who loved her best, she folded the shroud about the cold form of her murdered hope, and buried it silently out of sight. For, never having owned her love, she felt she could not tell them of its bitter ending; it was sacred to her still, even in her agony.

To him she wrote, briefly and with dignity. «He was free," she told him, «free as if he had never seen her. She would scorn to claim from his *honor* that which his love no longer desired. She only asked that they might never meet again on earth."

Then, deeming the struggle over, and silent endurance all that remained to her, she addressed herself quietly to the task. A violent attack of neuralgia (generally the consequent of any mental suffering to her, and by no means the first one he had caused her,) seemed to her almost a boon, in that it saved her from any suspicion of other suffering, by furnishing her with a sufficiently evident excuse for any involuntary manifestation of it. But, in the midst of it, to her entire surprise, came a letter in Philip Herbert's well-known hand. Her proud, cold words had stung him to the quick; he had not expected to be given up so easily, and he could not bear that she should scorn him, and, beginning to realize what it was to lose her love, he had written half incoherently, quite incomprehensibly to her, yet so differently from his last letter, that the struggle she had deemed finally over was renewed. «He loved her, he should always love her—he loved no one else in the world but her—it was for her own sake, not his, that he had written as he did—she must *not* think he did not love her—she *must* allow him to see her and prove to her how she had misunderstood him," and a great deal more to the same purpose, concluding with an urgent request that she would write to him, if but one line, to say that he might come.

It would have been far better for Effie to have adhered to her resolve not to see him again, but Love once more triumphed over pride and wounded feeling, and all that bade her notice no further one who had so trifled with her. And, longing, though she knew it to be weak to see his face and hear his voice again, and clinging half unconsciously to the hope that he might be able, after all, to explain away his seeming wish to break his engagement to her, she wrote to him thus:

"I am scarcely able to write to you, Philip, either mentally or physically; I hardly know why I attempt it, except that it has become a habit with me to do as you desire. I cannot say, however, as you request, that you are «understood," for I own I do *not* understand the feeling which leads a man to win, by repeated and earnest solicitation, a woman's love, and then, when she has given him heart, soul and life, and made him the centre of every hope and feeling, to propose coolly that their relation to each other shall be entirely changed, and that he shall be, henceforth, merely her *brother*. Do you suppose that there is no difference between the feelings of a sister and those of a wife? Do you imagine that, having once given you the absorbing devotion of the one, I can, at a word from you, fall back upon the calm, dispassionate love of the other and be satisfied? You place me in a strange and most painful position, Philip!

"I would not willingly offend against the reserve enforced upon my sex; I would not seem to claim a love which you tell me has changed, but—I must write as I feel or not at all. I have regarded myself as your wife now for twe years, and if I speak it must be with a wife's freedom.

"When or how you discovered this vast «superiority" which is to separate us I cannot tell. I am in no degree changed since you seemed as little aware of it as I. It is, I think, paying me but a poor compliment to accuse me of loving an inferior. Ah! Philip, believe me, an honest, true-hearted, noble-minded man, (and as such I have always looked up to you,) *has* no superiors; he is the noblest work of God, and the woman who wins the love and esteem of such a being may well be proud, not of herself, but him. I have loved you very proudly, Philip; if you have ever supposed that I undervalued either your talents or your attainments, you did me great injustice. I have never found it easy to express admiration in *words* to those whom I admire most, but I do not the less feel it.

"You wonder that I should suppose you are changed, and say that you have «certainly always expressed the highest appreciation of and admiration for me.' Did you suppose that «appreciation' could take the place of love, or «admiration' satisfy the heart that longed for affection? I have had my surfeit of flattery and admiration, but when I met you the great want of my life was love—not friendship, not the affection of brothers and sisters, (of these I have always had all I could ask or desire,) but the love of an earnest, manly heart, on which my own could rest and be satisfied, and to which I might, in return, be all the world. I supposed that this was what you offered me, (was I mistaken?) and I gave you, in accepting it, all I had in return, a woman's *deathless* love and placed the happiness or misery of my whole life in your hands.

"But my strength is failing me, and I must close; one word more only. Heaven knows, and *you* know, I never *sought* your love, but—oh! Philip! oh! my husband! it, as you say in your last letter, you love me as you ever did, *why* will you, for the sake of a fancied «superiority," which exists only in your own imagination, cast from you a heart so fondly, so entirely your own, and make yourself, as well as me, so miserable? A fairer bride you may win, but never an affection more proud and appreciating, a devotion more intense and absorbing.

"I leave the matter to your own heart. If you still desire it, I will see you, whenever you come. Meantime and ever, you know there can be no change in the love which makes me your EFFIE."

It was but a few evenings later that Miss Carleton sat alone. Her sisters had been prevailed on to make a long talked-of visit to a relative at a distance, and her father having retired early, as was his custom, her sad thoughts were her sole companions. She heard the door open, but, supposing it to be a domestic, did not look up until a voice she knew too well called her by name, «Effie!" and springing up, she confronted Mr. Herbert.

Effie was noted for her self-control; indeed, it was one of the few qualities on which she prided herself, but it must be owned it was scarcely so perfect as usual at that moment. By a great effort, however, she managed to bid him «Good evening" and offer him a chair; before she sank back upon the sofa from which she had risen, trembling in every limb. The gentleman seemed, for once, much more at his ease, and drawing his chair near her, commenced the usual inquiries for health, friends, etc., as though his coming were an everyday affair. Answering him like one in a dream almost, she yet, by degrees, regained her composure, its *loss* had indeed only been indicated by the tremor of her frame, and the pallid cheek and lip,) for the very coolness of his manner, by awakening her pride, gave her strength.

"I left my valise at the hotel," he said, in answer to some question of hers, at length; "I am going back there by-and-by, as I must leave for home early in the morning. I found I could spare just time enough from business to spend this one evening with you, and I felt so anxious to see you, that I have come on for that sole purpose. I do want you to understand me, Effie," he continued, seating himself beside her, and taking her cold, trembling hand in his; «you don't seem to understand my letters at all."

She did not withdraw her hand, but she drew closer to the arm of the sofa, against which she had been bracing herself ever since he came in, and looked up for an instant into his face before she replied. His eyes did not meet hers, as they used to do, and it was with a heavier sinking of the heart that she said, «It is my most earnest *desire* to understand you, Mr. Herbert."

«Mr. Herbert!" he said, taking up her words, reproachfully; «am I not Philip any longer? I don't deserve it, to be sure," he added, as she did not speak; «I am not in any way worthy—"

«I ought to be perfectly familiar with that form of expression, Mr. Herbert," she interposed, with something more like bitterness than perhaps our gentle Effie had ever shown in her life before. No woman who has suffered as she was doing (alas! how *many* have!) will be disposed to blame her, though the recreant lover quailed at the indignant eye lifted, for a moment, flashing, to his own. She saw that he did, and the tone was softer in which she added, «you have told me that so often, and you *know* it pains me."

«It is all I have to say, Effie," he replied; «the fact that I feel myself entirely unworthy of the love you have lavished on me is the sole cause of my acting, as you think, so unkindly."

«You told me, two years ago, it was my mind you prized," she said; «now you make that the pretext for forsaking me."

«I did not know you then;" he replied, eagerly; «I thought you merely a sweet, intelligent girl, and fancied myself quite your equal, and acting from blind impulse, as I always do, I asked you to be mine. I had no idea of the talents I find you to possess. Why, Effie! you can do and be anything you please; you will be a bright star in the literary world, when I am forgotten and unheard of."

How wearily on Effie's ear fell these predictions of fame! How valueless were all these flattering words compared with one syllable of genuine tenderness and love! She did not notice them, but only asked, very quietly, «you *were* in earnest then, when you asked me to be your wife?"

«In *earnest*? Most undoubtedly!"

«You did love me *then*, as you professed to do?"

«I did, with wild passion, which thought only of itself; now—".

She checked, by a motion of her hand, what he would have added; she could not endure to hear again, from the lips which had so often spoken love to her, the fiction that it was for her own sake he would give her up.

«Have I done anything to deserve from you the bitter agony you know you are inflicting?" she went on.

«You have never deserved anything but kindness from me, Effie," he said, humbly, and with something of the old tenderness in look and voice; «since I first knew you, you have been my better angel. I want you to be so still; I can't live without your love; it is to try to convince you of this that I am here to-night."

She locked up suddenly into his face, and meeting those filling eyes, that earnest, importunate look, the calmness for which she had been striving, all fled, and, by an irresistible impulse, she flung her arms round his neck, and lay sobbing on his bosom as in the whole life no one had ever seen or heard her sob before. He said he could not live without her love, then surely he did not mean to cast her from him; he *did* love her; it was, after all, some strange misunderstanding which he had come to explain away, and, completely overcome by the sudden revulsion from despair to hope, she lay, quivering and trembling, in his arms, for a little while blissfully unconscious of how little the cruel purpose with which he *had* come was shaken—nay! how he was every moment hardened in it by this hysteric burst of weeping. «A nervous, impulsive, tearful wife," he thought, «sobbing and crying over everything, joyful or the reverse! never!"

He did not trouble himself to remember that it was to him, and the rack of suspense and agony upon which he had, for more than two years, kept her stretched, that she owed this nervous inability to control her tears; that she had, when he first knew her, been remarkable for showing no emotion of any kind, always self-possessed and gentle. He chose to forget, too, how bright and genial her whole manner and deportment had ever been when he had shown her the affection she had a right to expect from one who had pledged her the devotion of his whole life. He only remembered that his fickle nature growing weary of the ties binding him to her, he had looked about him for an excuse to break them, finding it at last in the mental superiority of which he had at first been proud, and that he was resolved to effect his purpose.

He did not want to break with her entirely by any means; he liked Effie very much, her father's house was a pleasant place to visit, her sisters were pretty and attractive girls; there was not the slightest occasion for any unpleasantness, (especially as no one knew of their engagement but themselves,) if he could only bring Effie to look at the affair in the calm, sensible way that he did. In fact, he had thought it over till he began to seem to himself quite magnanimous; was it not for her own sake he was going to resign her? She would find some one a great deal more capable of making her happy, for he could not enter into her flights of fancy and her sublimated feelings; and he would always be a brother to her. Indeed there was hardly anything he would *not* do for Effie Carleton, if she would only be reasonable, and not expect more of him than he *could* do. And, in this amiable mood, he had set out for her home, trusting to the power he well knew his lightest word and look possessed over her to induce her to see matters as he did, and to consent to give up any exclusive claim to the heart he had over and over again vowed was hers and hers alone—as a *favor* t *herself* too, forsooth!

Poor Effie became conscious at last that, though allowed to rest upon his bosom, she was not clasped there as of old, and that, by no word or caress, he had striven to soothe her, and she was trying hard to control those foolish tears, and to check the choking sobs which shook her whole frame. Perhaps she might not have succeeded at once, had not his voice come to her aid.

«Why will you do so, Effie?" he said, impatiently. «You will make yourself ill again, and you are destroying all the pleasure of my visit. I have not much longer to stay with you," he continued, more kindly, as her sobs ceased, and he thought his words were taking effect, «and I have a great deal to say, to which I want you to listen calmly, for your own sake as well as mine."

She was quiet enough now, and he went on quite fluently with the various reasons why it was so much better that they should look upon each other only as brother and sister, how unhappy he was in his present position, feeling, as he did, that he was not her equal, etc., etc. «Now, Effie, you see it all as I do, don't you, dear?" he concluded, and he would have lifted her head from his shoulder, where it still lay, to read, as he hoped, an affirmative answer in her eyes. But she drew herself away, and by an effort rose to her feet; for an instant she stood with clasped hands, and face turned from him, praying for strength. Then, turning to him, she laid her hand upon his shoulder and looked into his face, «And this is the end, is it?" she said, so mournfully that even his heart almost failed him, «this is the *end*."

«The end" of some things, the beginning of others." He tried to speak gaily, but she did not heed him; she was still looking into his eyes, until, in spite of himself, they drooped under that fixed and melancholy gaze. She put back the dark hair from his temples, passing her slender fingers through the glossy locks, as he used to love to have her do, and he sat, feeling, for the time being, very like the malefactor he really was.

At length she spoke: «It is no light thing to cast away a love like mine as you have done to-night, Philip Herbert; God will judge between us!" And, with a slight shudder, she withdrew her hand, and walking a few steps from him, stood leaning against the mantel.

He followed her presently, and stood beside her, as he had done on the last evening he was there before. Perhaps the remembrance came to both of them, as he looked down at her, «Effie!" he said, «you don't mean to send me off in this way? You will love me a little yet, won't you?"

«Unhappily for me, Mr. Herbert," she replied, «you have not the same power to destroy love that you have to awaken it; I wish you had."

«Effie! Effie! don't speak, don't look in that way," he cried, really frightened by the marble rigidity of her face and form; «I don't want to destroy your love for me, only to turn it into another channel."

«If I am not your wife," she replied, with the same strange look and tone, so unlike herself, «if I am not *everything* to you, I am *nothing*."

Mr. Herbert turned away, and paced impatiently up and down the room, his alarm at the strange, almost cataleptic state into which she seemed to be falling, mastered for the instant by vexation to find that all his carefully prepared arguments had been thrown away upon this «stubborn girl" as, in his disappointment, he mentally called her. But, stopping presently in his walk, opposite where she still stood, unmoving, and looking as if she would never move again, he broke out with, «But, Effie, do be reasonable! if I were to marry you, now, I should never make you happy."

«I believe I never asked you to marry me, Mr. Herbert," she replied, haughtily; «if my memory serves me, the entreaties and prayers were quite on the other side."

«It is all true, Effie," he replied, penitently enough; «it is all my fault from beginning to end, but, indeed, I never meant to cause you so much unhappiness."

«It does not make a mortal wound less painful," she replied, «for him who inflicts it to say, «I didn't mean to hurt you so; I didn't suppose you'd mind being stabbed to the heart.'"

«Oh! Effie!" he interposed, but she interrupted him.

«Let this interview cease; it is useless to prolong it; the only favor you can do me now, is to forget how you have seen me humbled to-night. Go! go!" she added, almost wildly, as he approached her, «I can bear this no longer."

She retreated, but he followed her, and catching in both his the hands with which she would have repulsed him, he held her fast. «Good-bye, Effie!" he said, after a moment's silence, «try to think kindly of me when I am gone, even if you can't forgive me. I would be a good brother to you if you would let me, but for any closer tie I am utterly unworthy."

«I begin to believe you," she interposed, with curling lip and emphasis that cut him to the soul.

«I will go now," he said, and, dropping her hands, he left her alone with her great agony, her utter desolation. Left her, to lie grovelling through the long, dreary night upon the couch where she fell as she heard the outer door close behind him; to rise in the cold, gray morning when the sounds of the household stirring roused her to the necessity of concealing her misery, and, stealing to her room, to kneel long and silently before Him who alone could help her.

He, meantime, after the first sting of the words forced from her by her agony, said to himself, half laughing, «she has more spirit than I gave her credit for; she'll get over it. I hate to give her up so entirely, too, but she would have it so." And the morning found him blithe and cheerful as ever, ready to read and comment upon the news of the day, as the cars bore him rapidly away from poor Effie and her wo.

«Unfeeling!" do you say? Oh, not more so than most men, I fancy. He was happily rid of a tie he had long felt to be burdensome, and though he would rather have accomplished the breaking of it without paining Effie, if he could, it was not his fault, surely, that she was so foolishly tenacious of his love, and it would be useless to make himself miserable about it. He did feel rather badly, to be sure, when, in reply to a note he had written, making another effort to smooth matters over, he received only the following lines:

"It is not well of thee I gave thee more
Than even woman's fond heart oft bestows;
A fount of feeling ne'er unsealed before,
Which, at thy look and tone, impulsive rose;
I gave thee all—my heart's long, long-look'd store
Of thought and tenderness o'erflowed on thee—
There are no words on which its wealth to pour;
Thou knowest I love thee, false one! but, be free!

Go! I have had a sweet and pleasant dream
Of love, and hope, and happiness to be,
When evening's close and morning's rosy beam
Should find me never far away from thee;
But, as I clasped the hope, it turned to air—
My dream is past; the sad awaking come,
And never more in fancy must I share
Thy life, or strive to bless thy future home.

I did not seek to win thee; well thou knowest
It was not I who pleaded long for love,
And won, *to cast it by*—be this man's boast!
Would that my heart as easily *could* rove!
Alas! I know no changing even now
I seem to see the smile I loved so long,
And tears gush forth, yet—happier I than thou!
Better to *suffer* than to *do* the wrong!

Be happy, if thou canst! the day *may* come
When thou wilt think regretfully of her
Whose pride it would have been to fill thy home
With all the bliss a deep love can confer;
And thou shalt whisper sadly, "were *she* here,
Had I been true to her who loved me so,
Life were less desolate;" the star-ing tear,
The vain remorse shall then avenge me. Go!

You would not have thought he would write again, would you? He did *not*, for a long time, a year and more, and then, for what, do you suppose? To announce his approaching marriage! «He should be, in a very short time," he wrote, «the husband of one who loved him devotedly, and whom he loved, but, without Effie's sympathy, he could not be happy. Would not she write him, if but a line, to say that she had forgiven him and was happy? Might he not now hope that she would permit him to be her brother? No sister of his own was half so dear to him as she, etc., etc."

Effie, meantime, the first wild, bitter agony over, had pursued the even tenor of her way, paler and more subdued perhaps than before, but, to the careless eye, but little changed. The wounds Philip Herbert had inflicted, though they never ceased to bleed, bled inwardly and silently, and only God and her own heart knew how often the night was spent in wrestling for the strength and calmness which by day rarely failed her. It would be vain to say that the letter of which we have spoken did not inflict a fresh pang; she had not known till then that the slightest element of hope mingled with her anguish; she thought that she had given him up fully and entirely, but when forced to add, «to another," she found in those words a more poignant sting.

To the letter she made no reply; what *could* she make to an announcement which seemed to her like adding insult to injury. For, after so long silence, why need he again have forced himself upon her notice, rousing the half benumbed sense of suffering into full life and activity once more? Why, indeed? I confess the question has often puzzled me (for 'tis «an owre true tale" I am telling) when listening to the account from the lips of Effie Carleton herself, long afterward. I confess I cannot understand, to this day, with all my penetration, why Philip Herbert acted as he did. If he did love Effie, as she could sometimes scarcely doubt that he did, *why* did he forsake her? If he did *not*, why, in Heaven's name, did he so pertinaciously persist in writing to her, and really seem, as well as profess to be so wretched when she positively declined his proffered friendship? Men *are* riddles, to be sure—he, most of all.

A second letter followed the first, and in due time, a third the second, all filled with the same burden. «She *must* write to him, she *must* forgive him—his happiness was incomplete without her sympathy and affection."

Everything has its limits, and Effie's silent forbearance came to an end at length, and hopeless in any other way of stopping the letters, each one of which was like a dagger in her heart, she wrote, «I hope I have forgiven you, Mr. Herbert, but I can neither see nor correspond with you; that you should propose either to renew consciously how little idea you have either of the strength of the feelings which you evoked only to trifle with, or of the depth of the anguish you have caused.

«I have neither time nor strength to write you a long letter, even were it desirable that I should, for I am ill and weary, *very* weary of this long agony which men call life. One word only I cannot repress—*you* are about giving to another the place you so often vowed was mine and mine only, but, Philip, when you met me, you met your *Fate*, even as I, in meeting you, met *mine*. You cannot, though you desire it, untwine the links which bind your spirit to mine; you have not even ceased to love me, though you may *think* you have. You are at this moment no happier than I, accepted lover and expectant bridegroom as you are, for there is a voice in your heart which will not be silenced, crying out continually for me, even as in mine for you. I hear it often in the long nights through which we both lie sleepless, thinking of the past.

«I am writing to you, Philip, as one disembodied spirit might speak to another. The day which makes you the husband of another leaves me nothing further to fear or hope on earth; it matters little to me henceforth what you or any other to whom you may show these heart-utterances (if you *can* be so cruel as to show them) may think of me; I *know* your heart echoes them all, whether you ever acknowledge it or not.

«I am no love-sick girl, Philip, no desperate woman; the first wild, surging wave of the agony you have caused me has somewhat subsided, and I can write, as you see, calmly. I have no intention of reproaching you; I mistake greatly if I could add to what your own heart says when you think of me, and that you *do* think of me, Philip, I know.

«These words are but the involuntary cry of a spirit in its last extremity; even *dumb* animals, it is said, find voice in such an hour.

"Farewell, but wear upon thy way
The sight of love and pleasure beams,
Remember her by whom no ray
Of hope, or joy, or gladness gleams.

Think that thy hand has veiled the light
Forever from her weeping eyes,
And shrouded in unending night
The azure of her earthly skies.

"Farewell! but when another lays
Her clustering rings so on thy breast,
Think of the head, in other days,
So fondly to thy bosom pressed.
Think of the vows by which 'twas won
To seek its home and shelter there,
And of the anguish but begun,
Its bitter anguish and despair.

"Then will the light in other eyes
May seem more beautiful to thine,
Yet sometimes to thy gaze will rise,
Unsought, a pale, sad face like mine.
Avenging thoughts of what has been,
The rapture of thy love shall quell,
As, thy fair bride and thee between,
Shall rise *my image*. Fare thee well!"

She received in reply but a few words, «all that you say, and *more*, is true, Effie, but—I have no choice now." A few weeks later she heard of his marriage. Let us hope that in it he did not obtain his deserts.

For Effie, in the certainty that he was lost to her forever, life seemed to have nothing left, and day by day it grew more distasteful, until the physical frame could no longer withstand the chafing of the tried spirit, and she was laid upon a bed of sickness, which all who loved her feared would be her bed of death. She would have been very glad to die, but her life-trial was not yet over; she had not yet accomplished the work for which existence had been given her, and so, after long months of suffering, she rose up again—to what, let her own words (written during convalescence, for a periodical to which she had been for some time in the habit of contributing occasionally,) inform us.

«Sick unto death!" she wrote, «sick unto death! They did not know I heard the whisper as they left the room where I was lying, almost too feeble to breathe, yet with a wild throbbing in my temples that kept me alive to pain. It was spoken low, and the lip of the old physician quivered as he said it, for he had attended me from childhood, and watched me through more than one long illness in which dependent suffering on the one side, and aiding skill upon the other had drawn closely together the feeble patient and her helper. My sister's bright head was bowed, but I saw, through my half-closed lids, the shiver which passed through her, and I knew that it was only that she might not break the slumber in which she thought me that the cry of anguish was repressed—and they passed out, and left me, for a brief space, alone.

««Sick unto death!' the words echoed like a strain of sweet music on my ear. Was I indeed so near the end of my pilgrimage? Was the goal so nearly won, the glory so soon to be revealed? I had thought my life-task but begun—how could I so soon have completed it? Thus I mused, half unconsciously; then my mind began to wander, and the loving ones about me thought that the end had come. I remember only the tearful eyes around my couch, the clinging pressure in which my hand was held, and through it all, the floating melody of that strain, «sick unto death!'

«But it was not so to be; at the threshold of the spirit land, my steps were stayed—just near enough to death's dark portal to catch glimpses of the glory and the rest beyond, I lingered for a while, and then came slowly back to life. To *earth* rather—is not the *true life* that of the world where death cannot enter and the grave is not?»

«But, as the snow melted, I came back again to those who love me here, and now that the pleasant spring looks in at my windows, I am growing strong and well again; my earth-march is not ended yet.

«But I thought that I should write no more; the feverish thirst for fame seemed quenched by the spray which reached my lips as I lay on the brink of the cold river, and I realize now, as never before, how little it can satisfy the cravings of the immortal spirit, how little fill the aching void within. And love, alas! is not won by fame; the laurel and the myrtle grow not side by side; she who would wear the one is too often doomed to live without the other. Let me dream of authorship no more.

«But, taking up the pen this evening, I read an unexpected, kind and seemingly earnest inquiry for me. «What has become of her? will she not write again?' And my resolve to lay aside the pen, finally and forever, was shaken. For if at a single fireside my simple words are welcome; if, in the far-off prairies of our beautiful West, there is one heart which warms to the unknown sister, one voice which says «God bless her!' surely I have not thus far written in vain. If the great All-Father has given me the power to utter, however feebly, thoughts and feelings which may cheer or profit others, why should I shrink from the work? Why tremble at «the cross and thorny crown?

«Oh! woman, in her best estate, does not covet fame; there is in every true female heart a shrinking from the gaze of the world, even though it gaze to adhire, and a dread of even *seeming* self-dependence, which would lead her ever to seek the shade and quiet of domestic life. But by some the martyr's path has been and must be trodden; as one of the bravest of its pilgrims has said, «equal and steady be our tread; be our cross our own banner; for staff, we have His promise, whose word is tried, whose way perfect,' for present help is his providence, who gives «the shield of salvation,' whose «gentleness maketh great;' for final home, His bosom, who dwells in the height of Heaven; for crowning prize, «a glory exceeding and eternal.' Let us so run that we may obtain; let us endure hardness as good soldiers; let us finish our course and keep the faith, reliant in the issue to come off «more than conquerors.'

«With no vain hope of fame, then, I resume my pen, but to work, as far as in me lies, the work of Him who sent me, while it is called to-day; perhaps to cheer and lighten some sad heart; it may be, to win kindly thoughts and prayers from some who had else never known me.

"And, if my song can gather friends around me,
Wild and unmoored though its strains may be;
If one love my heart my lays have bound me
By the strong cords of human sympathy.
I will sing on—tho' oft my tones may falter—
I seek no place in Fame's high brothe hood,
But cast a simple wreath upon the altar,
Father! and ask to work for God and good."

* * * * * *

From thenceforth Effie Carleton's path lay straight before her; to a heart like hers, no other love, no second spring-time was possible. But, in the performance of duty, and in the exercise of the powers God had given her, she found peace and rest, if not happiness. And «the disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord." Why should we, whose Leader pleased not Himself, murmur if from us the boons we most crave are withheld? Let us, if human love and domestic ties be granted us, rejoice in them as the gift of a Father's hand, and show forth our gratitude to Him who bestows them by the constant anthem of a pure and earnest life. If He see fit to withhold from us these best gifts of earth, let us not murmur, but, striving to be strong in His strength, let us address ourselves to the work which He gives us to do, no matter how great or how lowly, assured that, when life is over here, He will bid us «Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

A TOUCHING SCENE.

I was conversing not long since with a returned volunteer.

«I was in the hospital as nurse for a long time," said he, «and assisted in taking off limbs, and dressing all sorts of wounds; but the hardest thing I ever did was to take my thumb off a man's leg."

«Ah!" said I, «how was that?" Then he told me:

«It was a young man who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball passed completely through, and amputation was necessary. The limb was cut off close up to the body, the arteries taken up, and he seemed to be doing well. Subsequently one of the small arteries sloughed off. An incision was made, and it was again taken up. «It is well it was not the main artery," said the surgeon as he performed the operation; he might have bled to death before we could have taken it up." But Charley got on finely, and was a favorite with us all. I was passing through the ward one night, about midnight, when suddenly as I was passing Charley's bed he spoke to me. «Here, my leg is bleeding again." I threw back the bed-clothes, and the blood spirted in the air. The main artery had sloughed off. Fortunately I knew just what to do, and in an instant I had pressed my thumb on the place and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to to the body that there was barely room for my thumb, but I succeeded in keeping it there, and, arousing one of the convalescents sent him for a surgeon, who came in on the run. «I am so thankful, H——," said he as he saw me, «that you were up and knew what to do, for he must have bled to death before I could have got here."

«But on examination of the case he looked exceedingly serious and sent for other surgeons. All came that were within reach, and a consultation was held over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all. There was no place to work, save the spot where my thumb was placed; they could not work under my thumb, and if I moved it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up. There was no way to save his life.

«Poor Charley! He was very calm when they told him, and requested that his brother, who was in the same hospital, might be called up. He came and sat down by the bedside, and for three hours I stood, and by the pressure of my thumb kept up the life of Charley, while the Brothers had their last conversation on earth. It was a strange place for me to be in, to feel that I held the life of a fellow-mortal in my hands, as it were, and stranger yet, to feel that an act of mine must cause that life to depart. Loving the poor fellow as I did, it was a hard thought; but there was no alternative.

«The last words were spoken, Charley had arranged all his business affairs, and sent tender messages to absent ones, who had little dreamed how near their loved one stood to the grave. The tears filled my eyes as I listened to those parting words. «Now, H——, I guess you had better take off your thumb.' «Oh, Charley! how can I?" I said. «But it must be, you know," he replied cheerfully—«I thank you very much for your kindness, and now, good-bye."

«He turned away his head, I raised my thumb, once more the life current gushed forth, and in three minutes poor Charley was dead."

ONE KIND OF EMBEZZLEMENT.

John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking in company. It was morning, and they were on their way to business. Perkins was a young man—perhaps eight and-twenty; and Tower was approaching the middle age.

«Ah," said Perkins, in a tone of fretfulness, «here comes Matthew Baldwin."

The person thus alluded to was at that moment crossing the street, and as he reached the sidewalk he stopped in front of our two friends. He was a rough-clad, brown-faced man, with a frank, open countenance, and he earned his bread by hard work from day to day.

«Good morning," said Matthew Baldwin.

Perkins and Tower returned the salutation.

«Mr. Perkins," pursued the laboring man, with a show of nervousness in his manner, «could you make it convenient to let me have a little money this morning?"

«I declare, Matthew, you have hit me in a most unfortunate time," replied John Perkins, laughing. His laugh was a business laugh.

«I am sorry, sir," said the laboring man. «The bill is only eight dollars, and I need the money very much. If you could contrive to spare me a part of it—"

«No, no; hold on a few days, Matthew, and you shall have the whole of it. I haven't got it now. If I don't see you when I have it, I'll send it in to you."

Matthew Baldwin turned away with a reluctant step, and the two friends pursued their way.

«Poor Matthew is disappointed," remarked Tower.

«Yes, I suppose so," responded Perkins.

«I had half a mind to offer to lend you the money for him."

«Oh, I have the money, but it makes no difference," replied Perkins.

«But, John, you surely would not keep the poor man out of his money, if you could raise it for him?"

«I don't like to pay myself short," was Perkins' reply.

Silas Tower believed that he knew his friend's fault, and he determined to speak his mind freely.

«I think," he said, in a careful, considerate way, «that you could have paid Matthew Baldwin eight dollars, if you had so wished. Am I right?"

«If I had wished to pay away all the money I have with me, I suppose I could. But I don't like to do that."

«Why not?"

«Why not?" repeated Perkins, with elevated

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 3, 1863.

WILL INDIA SUPPLY COTTON?

There never was, nor will be again, probably, so good an opportunity for England to shake herself clear of her dependence upon America for cotton as the present. If it cannot be done now, and is not done soon, it will be because for some reason or other it is impracticable. All that legislation can do extending co-operatively from England to India is at the service of Indian cotton production. All that British capital can do, and British science and information, by means of statistics, can effect will, be done, and is doing. The price now given is so enormous, that a stimulus of the highest kind is thus afforded for labor, such as never could be again, were our Southern difficulties once fairly ended.

The difficulties to be overcome are two—climate and character. As to climate, we know that India always has produced cotton long enough before the South produced it, but it is so short a staple, that it will not make the better kinds of cotton cloth. But directly in America, on the soil of newly cleared forest land, the seed was sown the plant improved in quality—and American cotton has maintained its superiority ever since. The great question is, was this owing to the soil or to the climate? If the former, by proper and careful manuring, the soil of India might probably be brought up to the mark. We all know how much this has to do with fruitfulness. Much that is attributed to climate really belongs to soil. Nothing has been more common than in the centre of this State to hear persons declare that the climate has changed to such an extent, that peaches now are not to be depended on as a crop in the very same localities where once they could be regularly and abundantly raised. The trouble is simply that the virgin soil in which the trees were planted is worn out.

In the South there is the greatest difference in the size of the cotton plant and in the yield of cotton, where the soil is poor and worn out, from the rich fields of Alabama freshly cleared. The American planters have never, as a general thing, paid any attention to manures—simply because they have had such an abundance of land, that, when a field was worn out, they have preferred to make a new clearing to a more thrifty style of planting. On the seaboard of South Carolina, along where the finest sea island cotton was raised, have manures been applied, and with the best success as to quantities, although the quality had always been regarded there as the very best in the world.

It is probable, however, that there are districts in India where the long droughts would prevent the American seed from producing a staple equal to that grown in this country; for though our cotton is easily injured by too much rain, it requires a certain degree of moisture in the atmosture. There are, however, many districts where a very fine staple has been grown steadily. West Berar and East Berar have nearly six hundred thousand acres, yielding five hundred millions of pounds of cotton.

The chief difficulty, thus far, seems to be the *character* of the ryots or small cultivators of the soil, and of the agents employed to buy the cotton. The shippers at Bombay received orders from England to buy at such a price, and thus, not regarding quality, dirty cotton brought a better price than clean. Character is thus the *chief* difficulty, and this seems in no slight degree affected by climate. The white race in India deteriorate; they become careless, indolent, and without the energy possessed at home. This is the chief difficulty to be overcome. Dr. Wight, an eminent botanist, year after year in Coimbatore, in the Madras Presidency, sent home to England bales of cotton equal to those known in Liverpool as "*good fair*" from New Orleans. His cotton was always clean and well picked. But Dr. Wight retired, no one bought the ryots' cotton, and the thing fell through. American planters were engaged and went out to India, but mostly failed to effect anything. This may have been in part owing to the character of the men who went, some of whom were men of no energy, and others may too have been desirous to ruin their own country. If England were to render the present American planters offers, they might go to India and produce very different results, when tired of fighting here.

THE FRENCH REVERSES IN MEXICO.

The French army in Mexico has found Puebla an unexpected stumbling block in their path to victory and the Capital, and the stubbornness of the Mexican defence is likely to postpone the capture of the city till October next. After making half a dozen assaults upon the city and penetrating it half way, as claimed by the French, Forey has been compelled to raise the siege temporarily and wait for siege guns of a greater calibre. The Mexicans have exhibited certainly undaunted bravery and great skill in their defence of the city. The French, after the fashion of the Americans, attempted to penetrate to the heart of the city by entering the houses and with picks breaking their way through the walls from house to house. But the Mexicans had been taught one lesson of this kind, and they improved upon the knowledge. They filled all the lower stories of the houses which formed the first line of parapets with earth, and of course there was no penetration possible. Field artillery on earthworks eighteen or twenty feet thick made but little impression, and the French, after losing a large number of their troops, abandoned the siege for the present. The Mexicans had recovered possession of St. Xavier fort, the only one the French had taken, and were putting it into a state of defence again. It is now nine months since the French reached Orizaba, preparing for their grand advance upon the Capital. After a month's siege of Puebla they are back again at Orizaba, with nothing accomplished, and a considerable diminution in their numbers. When we contrast this with the rapid march of Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, in less time than the French have been at Orizaba, with a force insignificant compared with Forey's, and opposed by Santa Anna, the best captain the Mexicans have had, we must come to the conclusion that our campaign in that country exhibited much greater military skill, as it certainly was attended with higher triumphs. It has been usual for European military critics to depreciate this Scott campaign by representing the Mexicans as a feeble race, unable to cope with the superior physical power of Northern races. The ability with which they have resisted the French, who have the credit of being the best soldiers in the world, certainly redeems them from any disparaging comparison, either on account of their skill and courage or the strength and determination of their resistance. The French Emperor will find the public discontent at home with the Mexican campaign not likely to be diminished by this French reverse.

AN AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

The Rebel journals at Richmond are very urgent upon Lee to make an aggressive movement, inasmuch as Hooker, they say, was never awake. The Richmond Examiner says:—"From the first day the only reasonable hope of the Confederacy has been the transfer of hostilities to the enemy's territory. If we cannot do that, the progress of invasion, however slow, must, after a long time, overwhelm us." If the only reasonable hope of the Confederacy" is in its success upon the soil of the loyal States, then it must be doomed to a disastrous end. The rebel armies have attempted invasion in Kentucky and in Maryland, and in both they have been compelled to return hastily. It is much as their armies now can do to hold their present position, pressed, as they are, on all sides. With the large armies now at the command of the Government an attempt of this kind would prove a most hazardous undertaking, especially with two armies operating upon the flank and rear of the rebel States. The confession of the Examiner, that the invasion of its own territory must eventually overwhelm the South, is a significant indication that it feels the weakness of the rebel cause, and is alarmed at the progress the Union armies are making. It confirms what the Richmond Inquirer said but recently:

"The great number of the enemy's forces, and the multitude of their shipping, make it easy for them to carry on simultaneously all these operations, and though by do not care for delay, for it is our people who are suffering, not theirs."

THE COLONIZATION PACKET MARY CAROLINE STEVENS sailed yesterday from Baltimore—on her regular spring trip to Western Africa—with a goodly company of emigrants, several missionaries and a valuable cargo. The intelligence from Liberia evinces unusual progress. At no former period has there been so many substantial buildings erected at Monrovia. Several hundred thousand bricks of superior quality have been made on the Saint Paul's river, and at least fifty new brick houses are to be erected this season on the banks of that stream. The sugar and coffee planting, it is said, will greatly exceed that of any previous year. Labor is in full demand at remunerative prices.

MUST BE STAMPED.—The Bureau of Internal Revenue calls public attention to the fact that all instruments of writing of all descriptions, that are taxable under the law, executed after the last day of the current month, will be invalid and of no effect whatever, unless stamped as the law requires. Individuals will govern themselves accordingly.

SMALL CHANGE.—The common estimate that [illegible] of change in circulation in this [illegible] fifty millions of dollars, has [illegible], it is said, by the fact that fifteen millions of postal currency has filled all [illegible]nnie's of circulation and left three millions more uncalled for in the hands of the Government.

THE SUPREME COURT of this State, which has been in session for three weeks, at Harrisburg, adjourned finally on Wednesday.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

In the thickly crowded city, the poor, know something of this struggle. In the older countries of Europe, where every man is the rival of his fellows in the same line of business this struggle is daily seen and felt in its full force among human beings. But the universality and the uses of this great law among plants and animals up to man himself are only just beginning to be understood. Professor Huxley has well brought out the universality of this law and some of its effects upon plants thus: Suppose the whole earth to contain fifty-one millions of square miles of dry land, and on it to be but *one* plant, occupying one square foot of land: suppose that plant to yield fifty seeds in a year, and each seed to grow into a plant, multiplying yearly at this rate, in the *ninth* year the entire habitable globe would be covered with that one plant. Any one can work this out for himself by figuring out the product of fifty multiplied by fifty-eight times over and dividing the product by 27,878,400, the number of square feet in one square mile. In the ninth year there would be nearly one-third more plants than the whole earth could contain. After that, if there were nothing else to check increase, there could only be one seed in fifty that could grow. Forty-nine must die, crowded out of existence by the others. There is in every plant and every fowl and fish and animal a power of reproducing its kind, where all the external conditions are favorable to the increase, not quite so rapid as this, but sufficiently so to fill the earth in a very short time, were it not for rivals and enemies. If then there were no enemies to face, rivalry for room to live, it would, as it were, force out of existence plants and animals innumerable, and check the increase of everything.

The uses of this great law are many. Among them this is chiefly obvious—*constant progress*, under a penalty of being overshadowed, and, as it were, squeezed out of existence by the pressure of surrounding increase. A French writer describes the passage of the bridge over the Beresina by the retreating troops from Moscow in that fatal flight thus: "There was but one bridge across the river, the enemy was in the rear, thousands were pressing over and squeezing and pushing others off into the stream, and the writer only got across by attaching himself firmly to the cloak of a powerful Circassian, who forced his way through by main strength." In the struggle of life it is not physical strength alone, not intellectual strength alone, not even moral strength *alone* that gives one man the superiority over others, but rather a combination of the whole. He who is morally the best, and intellectually the wisest, and constitutionally the strongest man, will in the great struggle of human life rise to the surface, where others will sink. Thus only the best races and types of men, of animals, of plants, are preserved, and the rest die out, and each generation has to press onward and improve, or the improvement in any respect of those around will squeeze it out of existence. This is the great battle of life everywhere going on, and at all times, and in all orders of creation. Thus fruits, flowers, plants, animals, man are obliged to keep up with the progress of the age, or die out.

If you take the seed of mixed varieties of wheat and sow it, collecting the seed and sowing that at length, it will be found that only two or three varieties have survived; all the rest less fitted to get along have disappeared. Nature always selects *the best* of everything and preserves it. And those who cultivate best attach themselves to durable existence, to immortality. But those who, either through a fancied conservatism or the idle neglect of improvement, resist all change and set themselves against the great law of progress, are certain soon to find no room on earth for themselves anywhere. It is thus that the South is being squeezed now.

FRANCE AND POLAND.

One motive which seems to lie at the bottom of the French sympathy with Poland, is a desire to annex more territory to France. The Emperor has made no secret of his desire to see the Rhine again made the line of boundary. The obliteration of the effects of the battle of Waterloo, physical and moral, is thus sought, and the means by which it is hoped that this may be accomplished is a quarrel among the European powers about Poland. France seems determined to secure the liberation of Poland, and threatens, if not assisted, that it, if France has to draw the sword alone, to seek indemnity. The King of Prussia sides intensely with the Emperor of Russia, while the Assembly of the people are at war with the Crown on this and all other subjects. Here is division and weakness. England desires most sincerely not to enter into any European war, but let each nation manage its own affairs, favoring only in a moral way, by the press and public opinion, constitutional liberty, and openly warning the Russian government of the dangers of refusing this concession.

It appears that France got Russia to concede a European Convention to settle the affairs of Poland "on the basis of the treaties of 1815." This, if carried out, may weaken the independence of Russia more than half a dozen defeats, by compelling her to take the advice of a European Convention whenever trouble shall arise in or about Poland. Whether this, however, will satisfy the aims of France for the present, or whether France can now pursue a course of diplomatic victories in a European Convention, more effective than any likely to be accomplished in the field by drawing the sword, remains to be seen. Perhaps the news of the defeat before Puebla may, when it reaches France, indispose the Emperor to further foreign intervention just at this time.

It is clear, however, from the tone of the English press in regard to this country, that the dangers of European quarrels of the very gravest kind now occupy all minds. The cloud of war hangs loweringly over Europe, and men seem to have bid adieu for a long time to some to those tranquil dreams of pleasant days that followed the great French war. Then peace seemed to be for forty years the only possible condition of civilized man for the future, and the serious disturbance of peace alone impossible. There are, it would seem, many things that would make a French war in behalf of Poland popular. Poland is Roman Catholic and so is France, and the same principle which makes Russia desire to be at the head of the Greek Church, makes France anxious to be at the head of the Roman Catholic powers. She has in this completely displaced Austria within the last ten years, and now is as jealous of Russian, that is of Greek influence in Poland, as the Emperor Nicholas was of Turkish authority over the Greek Church in Turkey.

That there is a real love of liberty among the French people, and desire to aid the struggle for liberty in Europe, no one can doubt. For Poland, especially, Napoleon and his followers always professed the greatest sympathy. This was then, as it is now, in part jealousy of Russia. But no one who can remember, how in the risings since 1830 in Poland, French liberals have sought to aid that unfortunate country, will doubt how sincere and deep is the French feeling tending to liberate Poland.

A war in behalf of Poland, then, might be made to unite the sympathies of all France to a remarkable degree. The ambitious sympathies of the believers in the Napoleon dynasty, and the boundary of the Rhine with the obliteration of Waterloo; the religious sympathies of the Roman Catholic party, including many of the Bourbon adherents, the nobility of the old regime, and, above all, the friends of liberty and the tri-colored flag, embracing the Republican party. France would no doubt appear in her full strength in such a war, and nothing but a very conciliatory European convention and able diplomacy will be able to keep France back from the contest.

WILL HE BE RE-ELECTED

Vallandigham has been sent to the rebel lines in Tennessee, and there left, the officer in charge of the rebel post detaining him till he receives instructions from high authority. If the tone of the rebel press is an indication of their feeling, Vallandigham is likely to find himself back again. The Richmond Dispatch, commenting on the "peace democracy," says "they are all alike, no better than Sumner or Chase, not so good as Burnside." Of Vallandigham it says:

"Although an advocate of the vigorous prosecution of peace he does not favor separation. Such is the modern Yankee Chatham, and such is his policy. We have no sympathy with him. We agree with him that his way is the most sensible and plausible way to subjugate us, and must that his whole movement will exhort Lincoln to keep him to his bread and water on the Dry Tortugas, and if that potentate should have impudence to send him South, as some of the papers intimate, thus making a penal colony of the confederacy, *then he ought at once to be sent back beyond our lines.*"

This is certainly a very embarrassing position for a man to be placed in. If he is sent back from the South, will the original sentence be enforced against him? and if he remains in the South, will he not be liable to the law just passed by the Confederate Congress, placing in military service all citizens of the United States, including sojourners?" The rebels say they want no man there, and will let none reside, unless he serves the Confederacy in the army.

AN EXAMPLE OF INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.—It is said that Erastus Corning, of Albany, the "railroad king," as he is styled, and who commenced life as a clerk at twenty dollars a month, is about to retire from business with a fortune of five millions of dollars. This is deserving of notice as an example for all young men, showing, as it does, that in most countries, but especially in this, honesty, industry and enterprise, aided by wise economy, may, from the smallest beginning, secure to the humblest distinguished and honorable success in life.

CHEATING THE SOLDIERS.—An inspection of army shoes, made at Cincinnati, discovered that they were made with a paper inner sole, then filled in with wood and very neatly covered with sole leather. They were returned to the manufacturers.

AFFAIRS AT VICKSBURG.

The Impregnable Character of the Place.

Determined Opposition of the Rebels.

GENERAL GRANT'S PROGRESS.

The public mind is entirely occupied with the situation of General Grant and the probabilities of his being able to take Vicksburg. Notwithstanding the confident belief expressed by the news correspondents of the West, in the speedy fall of that city, the task before General Grant is a difficult and uncertain one. He has gained positions which remove a great many of the difficulties he otherwise would have to encounter, which more nearly equalizes the odds against him. But the rebels, entrenched as they are, and with 15,000 to 20,000 men to defend these entrenchments, can still make a resistance so determined that it may be weeks before the task is accomplished, and require considerable reinforcements for Grant to maintain his present position. A despatch from Mobile, dated the 23d, says that three assaults made by Grant on the 20th, had been repulsed, and that Johnston, on the morning of the 19th inst., threw from 10,000 to 12,000 over the Big Black to reinforce Vicksburg. But on the 23d Johnston had not himself reached that city, for he telegraphs that an officer reported that an attempt to capture Pemberton's entrenchments on the Yazoo road had been repulsed. From Union sources we have no intelligence later than the morning of the 22d, which states that the rebels made a firm resistance, that our men had their colors planted on the enemy's exterior works, and that it was expected the place would fall the next day, Saturday, the 23d. If it had fallen then, we ought to have heard of the fact by this time. The probabilities are that the rebels will hold out determinedly in the hope of reinforcements, and we see a report that part of Bragg's army was falling back, marching Southward. These troops may be intended for Vicksburg, and unless Grant's force is very large or reinforcements within call, they may give him trouble. Rosecrans is, however, watching Bragg, and there will be no movement of the army of the latter without Rosecrans being ready for a counter movement. The rebel despatch confirms the success of Porter's gunboat expedition to Yazoo city, which, they say, has captured the city and burned the rebel navy yard at that place.

The last letters of correspondents at Vicksburg we get give us a much better idea of the real situation of affairs at that place than we have hitherto obtained through telegraphic despatches. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican gives a detailed account of operations down to the 22d. It appears by this account that two different assaults had been made upon the rebel works, one on the 19th and one on the 22d. They failed in securing the enemy's works, but progress has been made in each in securing positions, and the city is entirely invested, so that no communication can be had between Pemberton and Johnston. Our army was busy from right to left over the entire line, getting closer and closer to the rebel entrenchments. The ground is well suited to this work, being hills and hollows, which serve for protection to the men and for commanding positions for our artillery. The want of heavy artillery had delayed Grant's operations, but this was being supplied and pushed up nearer and nearer to the rebel entrenchments, so as to bear effectually upon the rebel works. The positions occupied by Grant are equally as commanding as those of the rebels, and at each position assailed small entrenchments are thrown up to protect the men, so that numbers of redoubts are frowning upon each other at only a few hundred yards apart. Our men have also secured rifle-pits, and their fire is so steady that the rebel artillerists find it difficult to work their guns effectively. The inner works are believed not to be very extensive, as their inmost line is quite near the city. It is believed that their ammunition is short, for they are sparing in their reply to our fire. They are known to be without field artillery, Grant having captured over seventy pieces. On the water side the fleet is said to have silenced two of their batteries, and are able, as further reported, to pass up and down before the city. The strength of Pemberton before the late battles was about 45,000. Thirteen thousand of these have been killed, wounded and captured, and ten thousand were forced north towards Canton, which would leave 22,000 as the force within Vicksburg. Grant is not in a position to render him liable to have his supplies cut off; by his right, on the Yazoo, his stores can reach him easily and directly by that route. Johnston, it is believed, has about 20,000 men at his command, but there is a strong effort making by the rebels to reinforce him largely. The threatened raid into Pennsylvania appears to be only a cover for the abstraction of a large part of Lee's army to supply the places in Bragg's army of the troops sent by him to Vicksburg, said to be a force of 30,000. How far Grant has been reinforced no information reaches us; but the confidence expressed at Washington that he will be able to take care of the enemy in his rear as well as those he is assailing would imply that he has an army equal to any emergency likely to arise. From the statements made, we see no room to doubt that Grant is satisfactorily conducting the siege, and will soon be in a situation to vigorously and effectually cannonade it. In a fight of this kind, with earthworks equal to the rebels, and supplies of ammunition plenty, the advantage must be on the side of our artillerists. There are troops enough in the West to take care of Bragg and Johnston, and with better means of transportation than the rebels now possess. With the regular communication with Vicksburg destroyed, they cannot concentrate a force upon Grant's rear as quickly as one to protect it can move there.

VICKSBURG

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times, in one of his letters, alluding to Vicksburg and its strength, says:

"If Vicksburg can be turned, or in some manner neutralized, there remain hundreds of other points around which land-and-sea batteries would immediately cluster. Such a point is Warrenton, where the Harpeth has recently been beaten off; such a point is Natchez, where the bluffs are said to be more favorable for defence than those at Vicksburg. It is not to Vicksburg, properly so to speak, that Mississippi river is the eyes of the Confederates are to be turned, but rather to Charleston, where the long-delayed blow must inevitably fall shortly or never; and to Tuscaloosa and the army of General Johnston. My own impression still is that what is sagacity has been shown by the Confederate government in not strengthening the army of General Johnston by such large reinforcements as would make her lose of the impending battle of Tennessee, even though it were to an ordinary spectator, incomprehensible how of both sides the policy of a Napoleonic concentration has been neglected and overlooked. It is known that many of the wisest heads in the Confederacy, and among them General Joseph E. Johnston, have warmly advocated the concentration of all available troops in Southern Tennessee, even though Texas and Arkansas should be left destitute of men, and the defenders of Vicksburg should be reduced one-half."

The force of these opinions is somewhat impaired by the fact that Warrenton is in possession of the Union troops, and Natchez can be visited at any moment by the gunboats. If Vicksburg falls, it will be a very serious blow to the Confederacy, and the army in Tennessee, whose operations the correspondent seems to count upon as of the most important character, will be compelled to fall back, to say nothing of the States west of the Mississippi, which will be wholly severed from the Confederacy. That the rebels themselves regard Vicksburg as a most important position is clear, from the determined manner in which they have defended it. The loss of it will compel an entire change in their present and future plans.

Our Army in the Rear of Vicksburg.

THREE MILES IN THE REAR OF VICKSBURG, May 23, 1863.—We crossed the river early on Monday morning, over the bridge constructed during the night by General Lee. General Osterhaus' division first crossed, followed by General A. J. Smith's, which in turn was followed by McPherson's army corps. Sherman had continued north of the railroad from Jackson, striking Big Black river a little west of Bridgeport. Here he crossed on his pontoon bridge, and moved upon the Vicksburg and Haines' Bluff and Spring Dale roads. McPherson moved out on the main Vicksburg and Jackson road, while McClernand took possession of the Baldwin's Ferry road.

On the south end of the high bank across the river, the column moved through the camp whence the night before the enemy made his hasty exit. On the plateau nearest the river before the hill is reached, numerous tents were left standing, just as the occupants had hastily left them. They could not be destroyed under the heavy fire of our skirmishers posted on the hither bank of the river. When the hill was reached we found abundant evidence of the demoralization of the enemy. Several piles of gun carriels, with stocks but half consumed, were lying by the roadside. Tents, wagons and gun carriages were in ashes, corn was burning, and officers' baggage and soldiers' clothing were scattered all over the camp. The column moved to Bovina, where no evidence of the enemy was seen, save a rebel hospital filled with sick and wounded. Here General Grant was joined by General Leggett from Bank's army.

At Mount Alban, Gen. McClernand turned off on the Baldwin's Ferry road, while McPherson kept along the railroad upon the main Vicksburg road. The approaches to Vicksburg were now all occupied, with the exception of that by way of Warrenton, which yesterday was occupied by Bearbur. When General Sherman crossed the river at Bridgeport, he met the advance of Gen. Johnston's command, which immediately turned back, and it is rumored, reached Vicksburg by way of Warrenton, the next day. That gap is now closed, and if we capture Vicksburg, we shall capture the entire force.

The night of the 18th the command encamped in the open fields outside the outer works, and within easy artillery range of them. General McClernand with the thirteenth army corps, on the left, McPherson the centre, and Sherman the right.

At daylight on the 19th, Gen. Grant proceeded to move upon the enemy's works a series of recounts arranged with great skill, and extending from the rear of Haines' Bluff around to the Warrenton road, a distance of from eight to ten miles.

The ground by which they approached is singularly broken, a vast plateau upon which a multitude of little hills seem to have been sown broadcast, and, of course, the rebel redoubts were so disposed as to sweep every neighboring crest and enfilade every approach.

The corps of General Sherman moved up on the Haines' Bluff road—by a sort of poetic justice taking possession of the ground which he had once vainly attempted to gain. McPherson advanced on the Jackson road, and covered the ground from the left of Sherman to the railroad, while McClernand's corps occupied the front from the railroad to the extreme left, Smith's division on the right, Osterhaus on the left and Carr in the reserve.

The action began by a slow fire from our artillery along the whole line, our guns having a pretty long range, and eliciting but a feeble reply from the enemy.

About noon Osterhaus' division advanced on the left to within about six hundred yards of the enemy's works, to find themselves confronted by fifteen redoubts with their rifle pits, which opened upon us whenever we appeared on a crest or through a hollow.

The guns of the rebels appeared to be of small calibre, throwing principally grape and canister. Our skirmishers were thrown further up; but little firing was done on either side.

At two o'clock the order came for a general advance upon the rebel works over ground which, on the left at least, was almost impassable under the most peaceful circumstances. The order was a hard one. Yet nothing is too hard for true soldiers to try.

Gen. A. L. Lee, who command d the first brigade of Osterhaus' division, and was in the advance, determined to carry out his orders if their execution was possible. Addressing a few words of cheer to his men, he placed himself in front of the centre of his brigade, and led them forward in line of battle. The first man to gain the crest of the hill which he was attempting, he found that it was only the first of several ridges which were to be crossed, the ravines between which were swept by the guns on the enemy's redoubts. Still he tried to press on, and his brigade of brave fellows to follow him, the air, in the meantime, thick with bullets and shells; but a ball from the rifle of a sharpshooter struck him on the face, and he fell. His brigade withdrew a few feet only, behind the crest of the hill, on which they had just raised, and held their position, one of the regiments, the Forty-ninth Indiana, getting so favorable a point that they were able to remain within about two hundred yards of one of the redoubts, and to prevent the gunners from firing a single shot.

I am glad to say that General Lee, though severely, was by no means dangerously, wounded. His brigade sustained a much smaller loss than a distant observer could have believed possible, two only being killed and some twenty to thirty wounded.

The same degree of success, or want of success, attended the movement along the whole line. Our forces moved very close to the works, and then remained waiting and watching for the nearer approach of our artillery. At nightfall our troops retired a short distance and went into camp. During the night heavy siege guns were placed in use for future use, and our light artillery moved nearer, and a slight earthwork was thrown up to protect them.

To-day (Wednesday) the heavy guns on our left opened long before daylight. As heretofore, the enemy have failed to reply. Our skirmishers are pushed forward within a hundred and fifty yards of the whole line of the redoubts, and keep so sharp a look out that the enemy finds it impossible to work his guns.

On the centre two heavy siege guns are in position less than half a mile from a strong fort just in front of them; so near, that the Minie bullets were whistling merrily past the ears of the workmen. To morrow they will open on the fort.

On the right Sherman still holds his line of skirmishers well up to the rebel forts on his front, and the navy is busily trying to shell the rebel works, so far without success. During our operations to day, thirty or forty men were wounded.

Vicksburg as Seen by a Union Prisoner.

Mr. Coblin, the World's correspondent, who was taken prisoner at Vicksburg, gives the following account of what he saw there:

At Vicksburg we remained two days, being confined first to the common jail, and afterwards to the upper stories of the court house. As Vicksburg must be to our armies a point of great interest, we give our impressions of it—hoping we long to verify with our own eyes and limited accuracy. We were, notwithstanding the salute attending our *entree*, disappointed in it as a fortified position. From an elevated lodgment, from walks about town, our entrance and exit, from conversation and testimony of many knowing persons, we believe the strength of Vicksburg, in men, guns, works and munitions of war, to have been overrated. The site is admirable, especially for river defence. The batteries fronting the river are neither so numerous or dangerous as commonly supposed. Although it is likely that a port on one of the heavy guns have been transferred to Grand Gulf, Big Black and Haines' Bluff, we guess the number of guns on the river side to be less than forty, and never to have exceeded seventy. Of these, we are informed, only three are ten inch, two nine, and four eight, three rifled, and the rest 32 pounders. There is but one casemated battery in the vicinity. The earthworks are, however, perfect of their kind. Negroes are still at work on the bomb proofs and magazines, probably to guard against mortar shells.

A landing from the front is, in our judgment, feasible, though now happily needless. The rumored fortifications in the streets are simple little pits or shoulders of ramparts projecting into the roadway. The works back of the city are the ordinary entrenchments commanding the roads, and small earthworks on the ridges. Every hill on the outskirts is crested with an earthwork. Judging from the works at the tenderest point (Big Black Bridge), the defences at the rear are rudimentary only. The country is rough, a succession of small hills, to the banks of the Big Black, but the roads are good and the hills each commanding the other. Unless by some overwhelming attack, the rebels might resist a large force at every rod, and so prolong the siege.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE PLACE.

The very length of the line, from Warrenton up the shores of the Big Black and across to the Yazoo, or, what is the same, the meagreness of their forces to guard it, is the great weakness of the position. It would require, to keep such a line, twenty-six miles intact, an army of fifty thousand men and a hundred pieces of light artillery. I have a grounded conviction, based upon concurrent testimony, that at the time of our sojourn *there were not more than fifteen thousand troops west of the smaller str am and six thousand east.* Could these all be concentrated upon one decisive point they might with their works repel five times their number; but a repetition of such a plan of attack on our part they may never hope for again.

The rebel hopes of Vicksburg are mainly hung upon General Joe Johnston, who arrived at Jackson on the 13th, and was pursued thence after a destructive fight next day. His plan appears to be to amass a considerable army outside and drive off the besiegers. We do not believe his intention is to get inside of Vicksburg, but to leave that post to Pemberton. If he can do this, Grant is, by the double line, front and rear, placed in a critical position.

GENERAL JOHNSTON AND HIS FORCES.

We have no fears for the result; but in this case minutes are of great moment. To the three thousand forces at Jackson, when we passed through, Johnston seems to have scraped up six thousand as reliable. Loring is since at Jackson with his corps, which will leave Grant with nineteen thousand in his front, and say twenty thousand in the rear, deducting disabled and captured in the three late engagements, which, from the meagre reports received at Richmond, we judge to be considerable.

The extent to which Johnston can be reinforced by way of the railroad from the Tombigbee to Meridian is fifteen hundred a day. His army cannot be supplied by that route. Vicksburg is provisioned for thirty days only. The country affords him, perhaps, a sufficiency of corn and forage. His communication with the rest of the South is precarious and if Grierson be not idle, may be destroyed.

General Martin Luther Smith, commanding a division, is post captain. Major General Forney, an Alabamian of small reputation, wields one corps and General Loring the other. Lieut. General Pemberton, a pet of President Davis, of small field experience, commands the department. Much and bitter criticism of his competency exists in the South, but I am informed in high quarters that the selections of Mr Davis have uniformly proved to be so good, that his judgment in his married case is not urgently opposed. But General Johnston is the ranking officer, and has been sent to the scene of action charged with the duty of saving Vicksburg. It is needless to say that considerable alarm exists in the South for it is fall, and from my nearer and fuller view of affairs I see no thing to bar the way to victory.

News from Rebel Sources.

MURFREESBORO', May 30.—The Chattanooga Rebel of the 29th has the following:

MOBILE, May 28.—Reports from below Vicksburg, state that General Banks crossed with his army at Bayou Sara.

General Grant sent in a flag of truce yesterday about the sick and wounded.

The slaughter of the Union troops was far greater in the assault on Vicksburg than in any battle of the war.

The Mississippian of Tuesday says that Saturday's battle was the most stubborn of all.

The quartermasters at Canton say that the Yankee gunboats have left Yazoo City.

RICHMOND, May 27.—A private despatch from Canton says all was well yesterday. Vicksburg holds out bravely.

The Rebel says that Captain de Myer, of Morgan's Cavalry, was killed in a skirmish near Reidyville on the 26th.

The Rebel believes that the army of the Cumberland is in a weaker condition to day than at any time since the battle of Murfreesboro', and thinks that General Rosecrans has reinforced General Grant.

The Rebel thinks that Mr Vallandigham's chance for being Governor of Ohio, are very fair, and with such a man as President, the United States could always have peace.

SHELBYVILLE, May 28.—Vallandigham is still here. He will go to Virginia in a few days.

CINCINNATI May 31.—The Commercial has the following Southern news:—

The Appeal of the 29th says that two gunboats have been sunk at Vicksburg.

Colonel Grierson's cavalry has made another raid from Baton Rouge, capturing and destroying a large rebel camp.

Pemberton's Quartermaster has succeeded in running 700 mules out of Vicksburg, thereby reducing the consumption of corn. The garrison has full rations for ninety days.

Movements of Vallandigham.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 28.—The Richmond papers contain the following:

"ALLABAMA, Ala., May 26.—Vallandigham is now at Shelbyville, Tenn."

"CINCINNATI, May 28.—Vallandigham is the guest of Bragg, at Shelbyville. It is reported that Bragg telegraphed to Jeff Davis, as to what he should do with him. Davis replied, 'if he'll take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, welcome him; if not, send him back.'"

DESPATCH FROM ADMIRAL PORTER.

THE EXPEDITION TO YAZOO CITY.

The Navy Yard, Machine Shop, &c., Demolished.

THREE REBEL RAMS BURNED.

$2 000,000 of Rebel Property Destroyed.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The following telegraphic despatch was received at the Navy Department to-day:

FLAG SHIP BLACK HAWK, Mississippi Squadron, near Vicksburg, via Cairo, May 30, 1863.

To the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR—I have the honor to inform you that the expedition I sent up the Yazoo under command of Lieutenant Commander Walker, after taking possession of the forts at Haines' Bluff, was perfectly successful.

Three powerful steam rams were destroyed at Yazoo City. One was a monitor, 310 feet long and 40 feet beam, to be covered with four-inch iron plates. A fine Navy Yard, with machine shops of all kinds, saw-mills blacksmith shops, &c., were burned up. The property destroyed and captured amounted to over $2,000,000. Had the monster iron ram been finished, she would have given us some trouble. One battery was destroyed at Drury's Bluff. Our loss on the expedition was killed and 7 wounded.

DAVID D. PORTER,
Acting Rear Admiral Commanding.

Mosby's Cavalry at Work.

A BRISK FIGHT—REBEL ARTILLERY TAKEN.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—A despatch was received this afternoon from Gen. Stahl, dated Fairfax Court house to day, in which he says:

The rebel Mosby, with two hundred men and one howitzer, attacked our train of cars near Catlett's Station yesterday, and the guard having escaped he burned the train. The locomotive is not much damaged.

Col. Mann, of the 7th Michigan, who had the command in front, hearing the firing, took a portion of his force and followed in search of the rebels. He encountered them two miles from Greenwich, where they had taken a very strong position. Col. Mann charged the rebels, who replied with grape and canister, but, as the Colonel reports, our men never faltered. They dashed upon the rebels and took their guns.

Col. Mann returned at dark to his camp in front, bringing in the captured artillery and all our dead and wounded, four of the former and fifteen of the latter.

It was an extremely hot fight. We have, the despatch says, many prisoners, including Capt. Haskins, an English officer, now in the rebel service, and Lieut. Chapman, who had charge of the artillery. Both these officers were so severely wounded that they could not be removed and were paroled. The enemy lost very heavily in killed and wounded. After the enemy were thoroughly dispersed in every direction through the woods, darkness set in and therefore they could be pursued no further.

Lieut Barker, of our forces, was struck by a grape-shot in the thigh. He crossed sabres with the rebels and fought desperately after he was wounded.

DESERTERS TO BE SHOT.

Privates Enos Bailey, Philip Margreff and Charles Hampton, all of the 146th New York volunteers, having severally been found guilty of desertion, by a general court martial of the Army of the Potomac, are sentenced to be shot on Friday next.

Second Lieutenant Robert Hart, of the 146th New York regiment, for misbehaviour before the enemy, is dishonorably dismissed from the service.

Capt. Alman D. Berden, of the Michigan volunteer infantry, for conduct prejudicial to general order and military discipline, is dismissed the service. Second Lieutenant James D. Bennet, of the Michigan volunteers, for similar reason, is to forfeit all pay and allowances that are or may become due him and be cashiered.

DISPOSAL OF CAPTURED PROPERTY.

According to an army order just issued from the Head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, hereafter all captured property, of whatever description, will be transferred to the department of the staff to which the property appertains. Contrabands will in like manner be transferred to the Provost Marshal General. Any officer failing to make prompt and complete returns of the captured property that may fall into his possession and to transfer the same, or permitting such neglect in his command, will be specially reported to Head Quarters, with a view to his dismissal from the service with disgrace.

Surgeon B. A. Clements has been assigned to duty as Assistant Medical Director.

Surgeon J. H. Taylor as Medical Inspector, and Assistant Surgeon Warren Webster as Medical Inspector.

From the Army of the Potomac.

A SKIRMISH NEAR THOROUGHFARE GAP—A UNION RAILROAD TRAIN DENOLISHED—THE REBELS OVERTAKEN—TWO GUNS CAPTURED.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, May 31.—A despatch was received here to day from Gen. Stahl, dated Fairfax Court house to day, in which he says:

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Second Lieutenant Robert Hart, of the 146

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE TRIAL of Col. D'Utassy has resulted in an order for his incarceration in the Old Capitol prison, where he now is.

Another new gunboat was launched this afternoon at Hunter's Point. Her name is the Senapee, and she belongs to the class known as "double bowed" vessels. She is 240 feet in length, 35 in width, and 12 in depth; she is 974 tons register. Her armament will consist of 8 heavy rifled guns. The launch was very successful, and witnessed by a large number of people.

Capt. Daniel B. Ridgely is ordered to the command of the steam sloop Shenandoah; Capt. Theodore P. Green is detached from the command of the Shenandoah, and ordered to the command of the steamer Santiago de Cuba, to relieve Commander Robert A. Wyman; Lieut. Com. Thomas C. Aurris is ordered to the command of the Penguin, to relieve Commander J. C. Williamson; Lieut. J. H. Rowland and Acting Master John W. Bentley are ordered to the Shenandoah; Acting Assistant Paymaster C. M. Gould is ordered to the steam sloop Shenandoah.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 3, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

☞ The last effusion by A. H. T., we shall try to make room for soon.

"THE OLD MAN'S PETITION TO DEATH," by A. P. McC., is at hand, and will be read and disposed of according to its merit.

"ON THE DEATH OF HENRY T. K." is declined.

"LONGING FOR REST" embodies a good idea, but is hardly as finished, as poetry, as we desire.

THE ENROLMENT ACT.

The enrolling officers are now engaged in registering the names of all citizens who are liable to do military duty. This is merely preliminary, and no one need trouble himself about his claim to exemption until he receives a printed notice that he has been drafted. He then has the privilege of appearing before the Board of Enrolment during ten days after the reception of the notice and presenting the grounds upon which he claims exemption. This will relieve the minds of many who may be considering the validity of their right to exemption. All citizens drafted will be heard and their cases carefully considered, as the law provides that none but able-bodied citizens of a certain age, legally as well as physically qualified, can be taken.

After the person has been drafted and found qualified, the citizens who prefer peace to war may be exempted from service in the field by paying $300 to the Government in lieu of service. We know it has been reported that the Secretary of War differently construes the law, but we doubt that the Government will set aside the clear intention of this clause of the act. It was a matter well considered during the progress of discussion upon the enrolment act, and the necessity generally admitted of putting a limit to the cost of substitutes, which is effectively done by allowing the $300 commutation. The money paid by those who do not want to fight, becomes a bounty paid to those who are willing to run that risk, and with the national bounty of $100, will make a snug little sum for every recruit who voluntarily re-enlists. One experienced soldier is worth half a dozen raw recruits, and among the nine months and two years' men, just discharged, there will be found large numbers ready to return to the service with such a bounty secured to them. This alone is sufficient reason to recommend the $300 commutation. It gives the best soldiers, for immediate service, to the army, and enables the citizen who cannot afford the sacrifice of his business, to relieve himself of the liability of service by lesser sacrifice in money.

THE THREATENED INVASION.

The rebels keep up a cry of the intended advance of their armies into the loyal States, and particularly of Lee into Pennsylvania. The rebels do not usually advertise their intentions in this way, and we may have some doubts whether this announcement is not to cover some other purpose. Their condition in the West is becoming very precarious, and the strongholds they have counted upon for "keeping the Yankees out" are in danger of capture. All the troops they can spare are needed in that quarter, and it may be that while keeping up the cry of an advance they are really covering the departure of their troops to the West to overwhelm Grant. It is known that the troops at Charleston and Savannah have been ordered up for service in another field, said to be with Lee, but probably destined for another field. Reports yesterday from the Rappahannock say it is the impression that but a small force of the enemy was left there. All these indications are compatible either with the reinforcement of the Western armies, or of an advance by Lee, who, while holding our army by a show of force on the Rappahannock, may be contemplating seriously a sudden descent upon our own State. The wily leaders of the rebel forces will bear more than usual watching at this juncture, so that they gain no advantage from our want of vigilance or being dulled into security. If invasion be the real purpose of Lee, he will no doubt find his path a thorny one. Lest a lack of preparation may invite to such a desperate undertaking, Gov. Curtin is now at Washington consulting with the Government as to the best means to keep up a permanent defence of our State upon its borders.

THE GIRARD WILL CASE.

The famous Girard will case arising out of a decision against the city of Philadelphia, in Schuylkill county, is now before the Supreme Court at Harrisburg. The trial in Schuylkill county was for the recovery of several thousand acres of land belonging to the Girard estate, but the principle involved, if the Supreme Court decides that Judge Hegins' ruling was right, would affect the validity of the will itself, and take from the city the trusts committed to its care, and with it the noble charity which that will has created in the Girard College. Not only would the relatives of Girard, who are the claimants in this case, recover all the property which he had directed by his will to be otherwise disposed of, but they could recover by suits, from the city, damages for the manner in which the trust has been executed, under a decree invalidating the will. It will be seen, then, that this is one of the most important legal questions for the city and property owners which has ever arisen in our State, and the decision will be watched with interest. Judge Hegins decided that the trusts of the will created a perpetuity, which makes it void. Some of the most eminent counsel in the State are engaged on each side. Mr. Meredith, on the side of the city, is said to have made a most forcible, able and convincing speech, which was concluded on Saturday morning. Judge Knox, Judge Parry, F. W. Hughes, are on the side of the claimants. It is to be hoped that, in this case, the claims of justice and the claims of beneficence will be found identical.

THE RANDALL STEAMSHIP PROJECT.—The Mayor, it is reported, will again veto the bill passed by Councils for the city to assist in the establishment of a line of European steamships to be built by Mr. Randall, to cross the ocean in six or seven days. An attempt will be made, it is also said, to pass the bill over the Mayor's veto. It is surprising what an amount of public spirit the Councils are possessed of, and how much enterprise is in them. They persistently insist upon taking $100,000 annually for five years from the City Treasury, to carry out a scheme that nobody advocates but themselves, and which commends itself so little to the favor of individuals that not enough subscribers can be found to risk their money even in building a single steamer. They do this in despite of the Constitutional restriction forbidding municipal corporations from lending their money or credit to other corporations. Such determination in one direction, and in the face of obstacles usually deemed a sufficient bar to attempts of the kind, meets the cordial approval of the jobbers in and out of Councils, and can be condemned only by sorry sticklers for the law, and people who do not want to have additional taxes imposed upon them for other folks' advantage.

EMPLOYMENT FOR HONORABLY DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—A committee of the Union League of this city announced that they have recorded the names of two hundred honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who need some light employment. Many of them are entirely unable to attend to the business they were in when they left their homes in defence of their country. Some of them write a good hand and can act as clerks; others would like to be in stores as runners, and some could act as watchmen, &c. The committee request any one in need of service such as these soldiers can perform, to send a note to A. Martin, 1011 Chesnut street.

THE INCOME TAX.

By decision of the comissioner, the profits of a manufacturer from his business are not exempt from the income tax in consequence of having paid the excise tax upon articles manufactured by him. A merchant's return of income should cover the business of the year 1862, excluding previous years. Uncollected accounts must be estimated. Old debts considered hopeless, if paid within the time covered by the return of income, must be included in the tax. Debts considered lost at the end of the year 1862, due to the business of the year, may be deducted. Interest is considered income only when paid, unless it is collectable and remains unpaid by consent of parties. Income derived from coal mines must be returnable, though the tax has been paid in coal produced. Contingent funds of manufacturing corporations made up during 1862, and not distributed, should not be returned as income of stockholders. Undistributed earnings of a corporation made previous to September 1, 1862, are not considered income of the stockholders. Every member of a limited partnership, making no dividend or division of profits till the expiration of the partnership, must return his share of the profits arising from the business in 1862, as if the division of profits had been made. Firms as such will not make returns. Charitable, literary and scientific institutions are wholly exempted from the income tax. These decisions are highly important in their character, and will, as far as they go, assist each individual in making out his return properly, though there are numbers of questions yet arising under the law, which require early official interpretation and announcement. It would be advisable for individuals to keep a copy of these decisions for reference when the Assessor serves his blanks to be filled up with the return of incomes. What would be still better would be for the Department to cause these instructions to be printed upon the Assessor's circulars, for the instruction of each tax-payer

ASSAULT ON COLORED PEOPLE.

Harrisburg, for several days, was the scene of excitement, owing to assaults committed on colored residents of that city by soldiers. It was, the Harrisburg Telegraph says, a sad and pitiful sight to see old and young negroes, helpless women and children, some bleeding from wounds inflicted, others in despair at the destruction of their property. Never before was a greater outrage perpetrated on this miserable and defenceless race. The parties assailed were entirely innocent. The humble homes thus desolated sheltered no enemy of the soldiers. The mob, which consisted of several hundred persons, was dispersed, for the time, by the Mayor; but on Tuesday evening it again assembled and renewed the assault on the colored people living in a quarter of Harrisburg known as "Judystown," or "Bull Run." The negroes fled away in terror, and their houses and furniture were destroyed by the soldiers. The police ultimately drove off the mob and made several arrests, marching the prisoners to the jail, where they were confined for a hearing; but, to the surprise of the police and the provost guard, the Mayor soon appeared at the jail and ordered the release of the prisoners.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

☞ Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

☞ More than 4,000 emigrant passengers arrived in New York on Monday from Europe.

☞ The Pension Office at Washington has lately recorded the *nineteenth thousandth* application of wives made widows by the war.

☞ Reports from Newbern state that all the rebel troops in North Carolina are departing for Virginia.

☞ Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into mannood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

☞ It is positively stated in Washington that General Butler has already gone into a new field of important service under late orders of the War Office.

☞ Gen. McClellan, it is stated, has purchased a tract of land in New Jersey and intends building a residence there for permanent occupancy by himself and family.

☞ It is said that the Texas rebels have made the wife of Gen. A. J. Hamilton a hostage, with a view of intimidating him from aiding the Union cause at the North.

☞ The Indianapolis Sentinel understands that Governor Morton has taken a decided position in opposition to any further arrests in Indiana by military authorities.

☞ There is a woman residing in Concord, N. H., with a property worth seventy thousand dollars, who buys milk by the gill, and whose father has a home in an almshouse.

☞ The next Indiana State Fair is to be held at Indianapolis, on the 28th of September. Premiums to the amount of $10,000 in silver, gold and medals are offered.

☞ The newspaper gossips still keep on resuscitating that often killed off *on dit* about Adelini Patti's being engaged to marry one Aguado—a wealthy Spauish banker.

☞ It is statistically recorded, as a matter of exact fact, that when Brigham Young and his *cari sposi* go to the theatre, they fill just five rows of seats. The extent, in long measure, of the Utah Theatre is not stated.

☞ It being stated in the Boston papers that John Van Buren has gone to raising cabbages at Kinderhook, the Newburyport Mass., Herald rejoices that "he is to devote himself to some useful purpose."

☞ It is again hinted that Louisa Pyne, the lady with a nest of nightingales in her throat, is about coming again to this country. If she does, it is to be hoped, for her sake, as well as ours, that she will leave Harrison behind.

☞ The President, Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the General-in-Chief of the Army, and Gen. Hooker, were in council several hours, on the 26th ult., at the Executive mansion.

☞ No guns have been sent away from the armory at Springfield for some time, and the supply in the arsenal is rapidly increasing. There are now about 90,000 on hand, 70,000 of which are packed ready for shipment

☞ A few days ago, the pickets on the river road below Clarkesville, Tenn., captured a negro with a sack upon his back, which, upon examination, proved to be packages of needles, to the amount of one hundred thousand.

☞ A demonstrative and sentimental young lady of Baltimore, receiving the tidings of the death of Stonewall Jackson, put on mourning for him, though in no way related. She was sent South, refusing to take the oath of allegiance and loyalty.

☞ The wicked wag of the Boston Post is always hitting somebody. Whom does he mean by "L," we wonder!

"L" writes very little: 'tis strange, is it not?
I'll tell the way and the wherefore;
He cares not a fig for the fame he has got,
And—he's not a fig's worth to care for!

☞ Mrs. Bourcicault (*nee* Agnes Robertson,) we see it stated, is about to make another visit to this country, where her fine talents and her fascinating acting have ever found a ready and universal appreciation. We suppose we shall hardly have the pleasure of seeing her husband, at the same time, as his engagements in London will be likely to detain him there.

☞ After George B. Cheever had made a long speech at the meeting of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society," in Boston, he introduced to the audience Fred. Douglas (a black man) who, he (Cheever) said, was the only Douglas that would live in history. The negro, rising to speak, said only a few words, and those only by way of introducing to the audience Henry Wilson, a United States Senator!

☞ The heirs of John Hancock, having "realized" handsomely by the sale of the patrimonial estate, have made a formal and liberal offer of the house situated thereupon, with the family portraits, antique furniture, &c., to the City of Boston, to be removed, kept entire as a relic of the Revolutionary era, a memorial of the first and boldest autograph at the bottom of the Declaration of Indepeadence, and as a museum of antiquities. The City of Boston, through its representatives in Common Council assembled, are incubating this egg, which may be looked for to hatch shortly. We hope it may not prove addle.

☞ There was recently published, as from an army correspondent, in one of our city papers, a most glowing account of the writer's visit to Prof. J. H. Ingraham's residence, where Gen. McClernand is said to have his headquarters, and where the correspondent met Prof. Ingraham, whom he describes personally, and tells a story illustrative of his rebel predilections, etc. The Journal of Commerce ruthlessly spoils this tale by stating, on the authority of a friend to whom Prof. Ingraham's family is personally known, that "this gentleman was accidentally killed by a pistol shot some two years ago, and that his wife survived but a few months." The Journal sensibly remarks, "in the face of such facts, what sublime twaddle is here served up for the entertainment of people in the North."

☞ They have been holding a "Southern Educational Convention" at Columbia, South Carolina, and Mr. Jeff Davis been induced to write a letter to this body, which is printed in the Southern journals. In this he utters the following tremendous, but cautiously guarded, dictum:

"As a general proposition, it may, I think, be safely asserted that all true greatness rests upon virtue, and that religion is in a people the source and support of virtue."

That is what may be called a "solid chunk of wisdom," worthy of the brain of the illustrious Bunsby. "As a general proposition, it *may* safely be asserted." We agree with the profound chief of the rebels; and will even venture to go further, and assert it as a particular proposition. Those are our sentiments, at least; we advance them boldly, and we don't care who knows it!

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature. By Thos. H. Huxley, F. R. S. F. L. S. New York: Appletons. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This volume is, in a good degree, made up from discourses, orally delivered, and in this respect the argument of the author is more direct and practical than it would have been, had it been written originally for publication in book form. The reader, like the auditor, will find that he will the more readily follow the train of reasoning from the fact mentioned. The error of obscuring a meaning by unnecessary technicalities, too common in scientific works, is almost entirely avoided. The illustrations accompanying the theory of the author on the natural history of the man-like apes, on the relation of man to the lower animals, and fossil remains of man, are as curious as the reasoning of the author on his theory is interesting and instructive. Whether the conclusions of the author are assented to or not, it cannot be questioned that he has devoted great research to his theory, and presents, with much instruction, a most plausible case.

Two Pictures; or, What we Think of Ourselves, and what the World Thinks of us. By M. J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This is a fiction, though so truly are the characters drawn to life, that the reader almost unconsciously figures to himself the original of the picture. The main incident on which the story is based, is a historical fact, all the rest being purely imaginative. As it touches on the universal theme of negro slavery, the intense desire to possess and read the work will, no doubt, be increased. The scene is laid in the South, and the time is previous to the present rebellion. It will be enjoyed by all who have read the previous stories of this pleasing authoress.

Money. By Charles Moran. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This is a volume, the title of which will commend it more generally to favor now than at almost any other time in many years past. Money was never more abundant, and never, within our recollection, was the anxiety more intense to learn something of its true character and relation to property. The author attempts to analyze and discuss the subject of money, in its most important practical phases, more fully than has been done in any of the works that have as yet been made public in popular form

Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Scriptures. By Rev. Abiel Silver. Appletons: New York. W. P. Hazard: Philada.

This volume covers a series of lectures, written by the Rev. Mr. Silver, who is minister of the New Jerusalem Church, in New York, and are designed as simple and plain lessons of instruction to those not acquainted with the symbolism of the Word. It is a work that will interest the religious reader as well as those who cavil at religious doctrines.

"THE CRISIS," is the title of a political pamphlet published by the Appletons, and is for sale in this city by W. P. Hazard. It treats largely of slavery, slave laws, and the power of Government over the whole subject. In fact all the political issues that now most unhappily divide and distract the country, are treated of, including secession, the perpetuity of the Union, the proposed compromise, and the suggested amendments to the Constitution.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The only theatre now open in Philadelphia is the *Chesnut*, the Walnut having closed for the season on Saturday night. At the new Chesnut, Mrs. John Wood, still reigns supreme. Having run the "Fair One of the Golden Locks" three or four weeks with great success, it is succeeded this week by John Brougham's original, erratic, operatic, semi-civilized and demi-savage extravaganza of the renowned princess "Poc-a-hon-tas." Mrs. Wood sustains the character of the Princess with surprising spirit and effect, and is ably assisted by several performers new to this theatre. In the grotesque language of the bill, we learn that "the music dislocated and reset, is presented to public notice through the instrumentality of Mark Hassler. The scenery is painted from Daguerreotypes and other authentic documents, by Hilliard, Jr., assisted by his own vivid imagination. The costumes are cut from original plates and thoroughly digested by Mrs. Cornwall Phillipe, and several auxiliary thimble-riggers. The machinery, wings, flies, and other entomologia are by Mr. Strahan, and various other philosophers. The considerable properties, crowns, sceptres, war clubs, Indian pipes, and other regalia are by J. A. Dacy and his aids. The deeply interesting incident upon which this drama is founded, occurred in Virginia on Wednesday, Oct. 19, A. D. 1607, at twenty-six minutes past four in the afternoon, according to the somewhat highly-colored and boastful narration of Capt. John Smith, the famous adventurer, backed by the concurrent testimony of contemporaneous history; but subsequent research has proved that either he was mistaken, or that circumstances had unwarrantably plagiarized an affair which transpired at a much earlier date, for upon examining the contents of a wallet found in the vest pocket of a man in armor, dug up near Cape May, an entire epic poem was discovered upon the same subject, which was written by a Danish poet, the Chevalier Viking, Long Fellow of the Norwegian Academy of Music, who flourished Anno Philadelphiaensis 235." This extravaganza will be performed every evening this week.

At the *Eleventh Street Opera House*, under new management and a new and efficient company, the great moral drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be produced on Wednesday evening of this week. New scenery is announced, and a company warranting the most satisfactory distribution of the characters.

The Boston Transcript, in announcing Mrs. Drew's engagement there, this week, says "she need not rely entirely upon the excellent Philadelphia reputation she has acquired for a cordial reception, for she was known and highly esteemed in Boston years ago as an actress of high qualifications. She will introduce here Madame Marguerite's adaptation of Aurore Floyd," and appear in other and favorite characters."

The Campbell Minstrels, eighteen performers, are concertizing nightly at the Walnut Street Theatre. They are said to be a first rate company in their line.

FRANCE AND THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—The French Emperor has been trying for a long time to open water communication from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea by means of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. England has been watching these efforts with great jealousy and apprehension, as it opens a near cut to her India possessions, which she does not want any European nation to have, especially France, which could transport an army easily by this route to the East, while England would have to send her troops around by Africa. The work has gone on successfully under the charge of Mr. Lessaps, but suddenly the Sultan interferes and puts a stop to any further progress, by an order refusing territorial grants on each side of the canal to reimburse the projector. Neither will he allow labor on the canal to be forced. He also demands that the neutrality of the canal be guaranteed in case of war. As these conditions will not be complied with, and the last would practically defeat the object France has in view in undertaking the work, of course the work is suspended and the French journals accuse England of being at the bottom of the matter, and influencing the Sultan's action, which is highly probable, as she has the most interest in thwarting the project which has always met with her earnest and violent opposition.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Glasgow Journal gives a list of thirty-eight steamers built on the Clyde since the close of 1861, and used to run the blockade. The Glasgow Herald of May 2 announces that another batch of swift river steamers has been purchased during the past week on account of the Confederate Government. While the English Government have permitted these things, the French have not sent out a single vessel, either to run the blockade or to act as a privateer, and lately, when word was sent here that the Japan, one of the English privateers, was coming to the port of St. Malo, in France, to receive her armament and outfit, the French Minister of Marine immediately sent orders along the whole coast to prevent any such operation, or any act in violation of the strictest neutrality. The Japan was seen off the French coast to receive her armament from another vessel, but that vessel was English, it came from England, and did not come within three miles of the French coast. The difference in the conduct of the two nations is very striking, yet they both are governed by the same principle, neutrality.

DIVORCES.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in noticing the alarming increase in the number of divorces under modern changes in the marriage law, says that the facility given by legislation in breaking the matrimonial relation originated very largely with an active clique of self-styled progressives and reformers, one of whose most influential members avowed recently that the true philosophy of marriage is, that it may be terminated at the will of the parties. The English courts deal more rigorously with this most sacred of contracts. A wife lately sued for a divorce in the British Divorce Court, but failed to make out a good ground for her petition. The judge would not hear the husband's lawyer, the jury agreed unanimously against the suit of the wife, and the costs, which were twenty-three hundred dollars, had to be paid by the husband.

HON. WM. TEMPLE, member elect to Congress from Delaware, died at Smyrna on Thursday last. He was once Governor of Delaware, having succeeded to the office by reason of his being Speaker of the House when Gov. Mall died. His place in Congress will be filled by special election.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

CONTINUED REPULSE OF OUR ASSAULTS.

8400 Prisoners and 84 Guns Taken by Grant.

Skirmishing in Southern Kentucky.

Rebel Account of Vallandigham's Reception.

The Attack on Vicksburg.

CINCINNATI, June 1.—The Commercial has full particulars of the operations of General Grant's army up to the 22d ult. When our army advanced on Vicksburg it was confident of an easy conquest, but the ground in the rear of the city was found so broken and rugged as to be almost impassible by artillery, and the rebel fortifications were very formidable, being grass-grown, &c., showing that preparations had long since been made to stand a siege upon the land side.

The main fortifications consist of a chain of forts about eight hundred yards apart, connected by deep entrenchments, and extending seven miles.

Our loss in the assault on the 22d was about two thousand.

It was the opinion that another general assault will not be ordered, but the city be taken by regular siege approaches.

The Gazette publishes advices up to the 27th, received through a staff officer of one of Grant's generals, who left for Washington last evening. Three assaults had been made by our forces, in all of which we were repulsed. In the last assault made by General Sherman with 20,000 men, we lost 600 killed and a large number wounded.

Our outer line is within a hundred yards of the rebel works and our sharpshooters prevent the rebels from working their guns.

The rebel works in the rear of the city are far more formidable than those in front. Johnston is in the neighborhood of Jackson with about 15,000 men. He is short of provisions and ammunition.

The officer from whom this information is obtained, says Grant has taken eight thousand four hundred prisoners and eighty four pieces of artillery.

Latest Rebel Report from Vicksburg

The President last night received the following despatch from General Butterfield:

"HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 31, 1863.

"To His Excellency A. LINCOLN, President of the U. S.—Our officer who crossed under flag of truce, to-day, brought no papers, but says the latest news reported was a despatch from General Johnston, of the 27th, to the effect that up to that time the Unionists had been repulsed with great slaughter. The dead were yet unburied, and becoming very offensive

"BUTTERFIELD."

The Chattanooga Rebel of May 29th, has a despatch, dated Jackson, May 27th, which says "General Pemberton is burning tar and using other disinfecting agents, to save the troops from the effect of the Union dead, rotting in front of our works."

The Quartermaster at Canton, Miss., telegraphs that two Union gunboats had left Yazoo City.

The Atlanta Commonwealth of May 28th, notices the arrival of Gen. Breckinridge in that city, thereby confirming previous reports of the detachment of his division from Bragg's army for the South.

Skirmishing in Southern Kentucky.

SOMERSET, Ky., May 31.—To day a cavalry reconnoissance was made to within four miles of Monticello. There was sharp skirmishing all the way. At two fords sixteen rebels, with arms and horses were captured. Simultaneously with this, Colonel Adams, of the First Cavalry, with fifty picked men, crossed the river in boats and captured the rebel picke's at Mill Springs, consisting of one lieutenant and six teen privates, with all their arms and twenty-four horses. No casualty on our side.

Burnside to Bragg.

CINCINNATI, June 1.—A Murfreesboro' despatch from General Burnside to General Bragg, announcing his determination to hang all rebel officers now in his hands, in case retaliation for the execution of the two spies, tried and executed in accordance with the usages of war, should be resorted to, was to day conveyed South under a flag of truce.

Vallandigham's Reception.

CINCINNATI, June 1.—The Chattanooga Rebel of May 27th has the following account of Vallandigham's arrival in the rebel lines:

"Hon. Vallandigham has just arrived. He was brought to our lines by a flag of truce; but the commander of the outposts refused to recognize it for any such purpose. The Federals, becoming alarmed, retired, leaving Mr. Vallandigham, with his baggage, upon neutral ground. When our officers approached him he proposed delivering himself as a prisoner of war. This was declined, inasmuch as he was not in the service of the United States. On learning his name and situation he was received as an exile banished from his State, and as such tendered the hospitalities of the country, as any foreigner seeking refuge or banished from home for opinion's sake. He was received by Gen. Mason and escorted to his head-quarters without any demonstration. There he was received by Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, of General Bragg's staff, and by him conveyed in a carriage to Shelbyville, where comfortable quarters were provided for him. There was no demonstration, but every where he passed, those who had heard of his coming greeted him with silent tokens of sympathy and respect.

"Mr. Vallandigham looks cheerful and seems to breathe easy on escaping from the Lincoln despotism. He very properly desires to avoid public demonstrations and only asks that he may find a quiet refuge in our midst until such time as the voice of his people, relieved from a despotic government, shall call him again to their midst. He seems fully to realize the embarrassment of his position, and will, beyond doubt, live up to its responsibilities. Dignified retirement and seclusion from all public matters will, to the minds of all proper thinking persons, and doubtless to his own, be the best course for him to pursue."

The same paper editorially says: "His (Vallandigham's) road, which leads up the steep ascent of the future, is direct and gas-lighted all the way. It leads first out of some Confederate port to Nassau, thence to Canada, and finally to the Gubernatorial chair of Ohio. The return of Napoleon from Elba was the signal for a general reaction in France. Thousands flocked to him on the instant. Nothing could keep the Little Corporal back, nor iron, nor island. He stood once more on his native heath. The superstitious popular heart clung to him and he triumphed. Let Mr. Vallandigham's return be as speedy; let an absence of a single month find him issuing an address to the people of his State, from Lower Canada, proclaiming these things to them:

"'I, a loyal citizen of the Union, and a soldier thereof and of freedom, banished against law and Constitution, thrown contrary to my will across the lines of a public enemy, whose denial to receive and recognize me establishes before all men my patriotism and my honor; I, O. L. Vallandigham, persecuted, exiled, mobbed and coerced by cowardly tyrants and by hypocrites, but not dead nor dumb I issue these words, and declare myself a candidate for Governor of Ohio.'

"The effect would be magical." It further says: "His prospects for Governor of Ohio are exceedingly fair. He is the rebels' style of man and we admire him because from the start he has been against the war."

Department of North Carolina.

NEWBERN, N. C., May 29.—On the 27th inst., Major General Foster visited the camps of the nine months' men and made an eloquent speech to each regiment

Gen. Foster told these soldiers that he could not part with them; that they must not leave him and our sacred cause at this stage of the rebellion; that he would give them all the advantages accompanying a re-enlistment, including a furlough of thirty days to each regiment, and so arrange it that while one regiment departed another should be ready to return, which proposition appeared to meet with general favor.

Gen. Foster then called upon the nine months' men for a new artillery regiment, to consist of twelve companies of one hundred and fifty men each. This regiment was organized upon the spot, and the officers were appointed. Some of the regiments offered to furnish three companies for this new command, which will be ready for service in a short time.

The desire of that portion of the Eighteenth Army Corps now in South Carolina to return here under their old chief, where they can have active service, is arousing the sympathies of the whole Department in their behalf. Numerous letters are continually reaching Gen. Foster from the officers and men now separated from him against the express orders of the President, containing requests for their return of a most affecting character, together with a general offer to re-enlist for the war if their wishes are granted.

Rather than have any ill feeling existing between the two Departments, General Foster is willing to furnish General Hunter with two black regiments for each white regiment returned.

Important from Mexico.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF PUEBLA—GEN. ORTEGA AND 17,000 PRISONERS TAKEN.

NEW YORK, June 1.—The steamer Shelldrake, from Havana on the 26th ult., arrived this afternoon. There is nothing new from Havana.

It is reported at Havana that the yellow fever had broken out among the French in Mexico.

An extra of the Havana Diario, of the 26th, received per the steamer Shelldrake, reports the arrival at Havana, of the French steamer Darien from Vera Cruz, with important despatches from Gen. Forey, announcing the occupation of Puebla by the forces under his command. The prisoners include Gen. Ortega and twenty-three other Generals, 900 minor officers and 17,000 men.

It appears that on the 16th, Gen. Forey opened with heavy artillery on Fort Johemenpuacan, and on the 17th a breach was effected. The French troops then moved on the assault, and after a desperate resistance entered the Plaza, when Ortega surrendered unconditionally.

On the 20th one division of the French army started for the City of Mexico.

Illness of Adjutant General Thomas.

LOUISVILLE, May 31.—Adjutant General Thomas arrived this afternoon from Memphis, sick from exhaustion. He was carried at his own request to the City Hospital, and is now under charge of Medical Director Head. There is a fair prospect of his speedy recovery.

A Horse-Thief Hung.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 29.—A horse-thief, who killed two officers of the army while they were attempting to arrest him, at Kokomo, Indiana, yesterday, was taken out of Jail, to day, and hung, by a mob of the citizens.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1863.

The depredations of the rebel cruisers have well nigh put a stop to our commerce with China. Several vessels that have been on the berth for that market have been withdrawn, and a number of the California shippers, it is said, are following the example. The owners of one vessel propose to put an armament on board sufficiently powerful for self-preservation if attacked provided they can procure the consent of the Secretary of the Navy. To manage the guns, of course, an extra crew will be required. Objection has been made in official quarters before to this mode of proceeding, it seems, but upon what grounds I have not been able to ascertain. It self-protection is the first law of the land, why should not Jack Tar have the benefit of the "law" on the seas?

Our City Councils have not made up their minds yet as to how much, if any, money ought to be voted for the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July. One of the fathers is seeking to inculcate the brilliant idea that we ought to spend no money at all this year for fireworks, salutes, &c., but reserve all our means for the securing of substitutes for such of our laboring populations as may chance to be drafted. But that Alderman, I guess, is a sympathizer with secesh, and his motion, therefore will not be entertained.

The enrolment officers occasionally meet with serious hindrances in the discharge of their duties. On Saturday, for instance, some roughs, who were congregated in a bar-room, No. 44 Bowery, refused to give their names. A crowd gathered, and the officers, being rather hard pressed, deemed it prudent to withdraw. They soon returned, however, with three soldiers, well armed, but even for these the crowd had no respect, and they, in turn, thought it best to withdraw for reinforcements. Shortly afterwards a Provost Guard re appeared, with twenty-four soldiers, some of whom entered the premises with fixed bayonets, while others kept guard without. Nine persons were taken into custody and conveyed from the bar room to the Park Barracks. To day they will be tried on a charge of attempting to resist the enrolment.

The Great Eastern, after all, has been thrown open to the public. Communication between the mammoth, in Flushing Bay, and the city, by a small steamboat, which leaves once an hour. A small fee is charged for admission on board the Eastern, not as a source of revenue, but simply to pay the expenses of the ushers, who are employed to show visitors about the ship. At any rate, that is the story.

Saturday was a day to be long remembered in the City of Churches—the occasion being the departure of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Pastor of Plymouth Church, for Europe, in the steamship City of Baltimore. His friends, to the number of nearly a thousand, chartered a steamboat to convey him on board the City of Baltimore, which vessel they subsequently accompanied down the bay and far out to sea. The parting of Mr. Beecher with his friends was very affecting, and he was seen to manifest much emotion. Before he left the excursion boat for the steamer there was a general shaking of hands, and as the vessels separated cheer after cheer went up until the form of Mr. B., standing on the quarter deck, was lost sight of in the distance. The party arrived back here about five o'clock. Among the clergymen who accompanied the excursion party, were Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Rev. Mr. Snyder, Admiral Stringham, Ex-Mayor Hall, and Theodore Pitton, Esq., were likewise on board.

A well known and wealthy citizen, William Douglas, Esq., died at his residence, 100 West Fourteenth street, in the 69th year of his age. His funeral takes place to-day.

The Public School Teachers have "struck for wages." A general meeting of the Principals has been held, at which the Board of Education was petitioned to raise their salaries, in order to enable them to live.

The week closed with a very comfortable money market. On call the supply was quite free, with a moderate demand at 6 per cent, with exceptional transactions at 6¼ a 7. First-class paper is very scarce, and is readily sold at 5 per cent. for 60 days, endorsed, and 5 a 5½ for four to six months. Single names are taken at 5 a 6 per cent.; other good paper at 7 a 9.

Foreign exchange for the steamers, to-day, closed firm, with a fair degree of activity. On London, the rate of prime bankers' bills was about 107¾ a 108. Continental, unchanged.

The Bourussia, for Southampton, Havre and Hamburg, took out $202,000 in specie, on freight, and the City of Baltimore, for Liverpool, $359,468.

Gold was quiet, but firm. At the first board, at the call, the price stood at 144¾, from which it went up to 145, closing at that figure, with sales of $85,000.

Operations were subsequently made at 146.

COTTON.—The market is steady. Sales of middling Uplands were made at 51a52cts.

FLOUR.—Western and State flour is less active. We hear of sales of 3000 bbls. at $5 20a5 50 for superfine State and Western; $5 75a6 00 for extra State; $6 00a6 20 for the low grades of Western extra, and $6 20a6 30 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. The market for Southern flour is dull and heavy. Sales of 550 bbls. were made at $6 50a7 25 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $7 40a10 25 for the better kinds. Rye flour is in fair demand at $5 40 a5 20. The market for Corn meal is unchanged. Sales of 300 bbls. were made at $4 20a4 25 for Jersey, and $4 50a4 55 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is firmer; 120,000 bushels changed owners at $1 25 a 1 40 for Chicago spring; $1 38 a 1 40 for Milwaukie Club, and $1 45 a 1 50 for amber Winter Western. Oats are steady at 76 a 77c. for Western and State. The market for Rye is unchanged; some sales are reported at 99c. a $1. Corn is in better request; sales of 120,000 bushels were made at 69 a 69c. for damaged, and 76 a 77c. for old sound Western mixed.

PROVISIONS.—Pork continues dull and heavy; sales of 1000 barrels are reported at $11 75 a $12 for prime, and $11 75 a $12 for mess. Butter and Cheese are unchanged. Lard—The market is less active; sales of 1200 barrels were made at 9¼ a 10c.

WHISKY—Continues in moderate demand, but the market is heavy; sales of 600 barrels were made at 44 a 45c. for Western and State.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—Coal stocks are all very firm—and when we say coal stocks, we mean as well the stocks of the coal carrying companies—and well they may be, for we do not remember a season, since anthracite was brought into general use, when the demand was so fully up to, if not ahead of, production, as it is this season Prices of coal at the mines are from fifty to seventy five per cent. in advance of those heretofore current. In the Lehigh region coal is selling for immediate delivery to the boats and cars at $3 75 per ton, and after the 1st of June the price has been fixed at $4 per ton. These prices will afford fully one dollar and a quarter per ton more of profit to the producer than the opening prices of last season. Increased prices will, no doubt, greatly stimulate production, materially profiting the carrying companies, all which have advanced charges from 35 to 50 per cent. per ton. The Lehigh Navig

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.*

BY THEODORE TILTON.

[The following poem, which was probably the earliest elicited by the war having been written on the day of the President's first call for volunteers—it is republished now as especially appropriate for public rousing at war meetings:]

Toll! Roland, Toll!
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke;
And all who slept in Ghent awoke;
What means its thunder-stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet,
And flying to the city's wall?
—It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And brave men's faces flamed aglow,—
And even timid hearts grew bold
When Roland tolled.
And every hand a sword could hold:
For men
Were patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
—If men are patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound—
Great souls will thrill!
Then toll! and by thy test
Prove every breast—
Till loyal men shall s and confessed:
Let God's right hand smite all the rest!

Toll! Roland, Toll!
Not in St. Bavon's tower—
Not at the midnight hour—
Not from the Scheldt to Zuyder Zee—
But here, this side the sea!
Toll here, in bread, bright day!
For not by night awaits
A foe without the gates,
But perjured friends within betray,
And Treason walks the streets at noon!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Thy sound is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call:
Re-echo it from East to West,
Till every dauntless breast
Shall beat beneath a plume and crest!
Toll Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, Toll!
Ti l sword from scabbard leap!
Toll! Roland, toll:
What fears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men t
Toll! Roland toll!
In shadowed houses and hall
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
Amen! So God hath willed!
But may his grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom by its side stands safe in Ghent—
Till prayer bells now ring,
And in the land's serene content,
Men shout, "God save the King!"
Until the sky is rent!
—So may it ever be!
The kingliest king is he
Who keeps his people free!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer They, but We,
Have now the need of thee!
Toll! Roland, to.l!
Nor ever let thy throat
Keep back its warning note
Till Freedom's peril be outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
Toll! Roland toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
From Northern lake to Southern strand,
Shall clasp once more each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

* Motley relates that the famous bell Roland of Ghent was always an object of affection with the people, because it rang to arm them when liberty was in danger

THE FARMER.

☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SHEEP-RAISING AND WOOL-GROWING.

Profits, Prices, Prospects, Breeding, &c.

Much valuable information for sheep-owners has lately been presented in the columns of the "Newspapers." But many practical ideas may yet be added to what has been already said on the now important subject of sheep-breeding and wool-growing. N t many years since, the whole attention of the farmers in this portion of Ohio, and doubtless of many other sections of the North and West, was given to the production of the then great money-making staple—wheat. But since the advent of the Hessian fly and milk weevil or midge, farming interests have undergone a great change. The farmers have turned their attention to stock-raising, and almost every farmer has become a wool-grower to some extent; while many make it paramount to the various other items of rural economy on the farm. In many of those sections, once famous for wheat-growing, only enough is produced now for home consumption, and the hills where once waved the golden grain are now dotted with flocks of sheep instead.

In this State we have given but little attention to breeding or raising sheep for mutton only. Fine wool has been our object, and we have found, by experience, that at the prices of the past three or four years, few, if any other, branches of agricultural industry are as remunerative as the growing of wool, and judging from present prices and prospects it is my opinion that for this and perhaps for many years to come, sheep-raising and wool-growing will be even more remunerative than in past years, and I think I may safely say that just now the prospects of the sheep interests in this country are much better than ever before. The unprecedented demand for woollen goods consequent upon the necessities of our immense armies is still more enhanced by scarcity of cotton, which brings woollen fabrics into more general use. This, with the present and prospective high tariff on foreign wool, will keep up the price of wool to much higher figures than have hitherto prevailed. The consequence of the rise in wool, and the present good prospect of keeping sheep, is that fewer sheep are sold for mutton, and every farmer who can is stocking his farm to its utmost capacity with sheep for the purpose of growing wool. The demand for sheep for raising wool is such that in many places they have doubled in price in a short time, and the falling away in the supply and the advance in price of mutton is so great within the past year that it is now one of the luxuries.

Many are going into the sheep business who are inexperienced. They will find by a short experience that—as in every other business—success depends upon knowledge, industry and perseverance. Such is now the desire among farmers for information upon the subjects of breeds, breeding, wool-growing and management of sheep that anything of value that can be presented on these subjects will be very acceptable and read with interest. In the last Agricultural Report of the Patent Office, I find several valuable essays on sheep, which should be read by every sheep-owner. But, in all probability, not one in a thousand of the many sheep-owners who are readers of the "Newspaper" will ever see or read those essays. Therefore I shall, in the course of this article, and others to follow, on the same subject, make some extracts from the most valuable practical portions of those essays, and condense them into suitable space for the columns of the "Newspaper;" and in doing so I shall use my judgment as a sheep-breeder and wool-grower of many years' experience, and shall add some of my own ideas, opinions and experience.

A portion of these essays are devoted to the breeding and management of South Downs and other breeds of mutton sheep. But as wool is now the great object of the sheep-raiser, I will at this time mention only those breeds of fine wool sheep about which most solicitude is felt by wool-growers. Too many wool-growers, especially those who rear and keep but small flocks, and who make wool-growing only a secondary object, pay but little attention either to the true principles of breeding or to the variety of breeds kept; these persons satisfy themselves with saying that a sheep is only a sheep, and that is an end of the argument. Look at their flocks. They are mixed and mongrel, all grades, from hair to fine wool, mixed up together, their clip averaging perhaps two to two and a half pounds per head, and, on account of its mixed character, must sell at a reduced price. This is not profitable sheep husbandry. The object of the sheep-breeder is to procure and retain the animal which will pay best for the care bestowed upon it, and the consumption of its food. Upon the form of the carcass depends not only the powers of endurance, but the capability to produce the greatest possible amount of wool to the least weight of carcass. All experienced sheep-breeders know that it is impossible to put a strong and healthy constitution, or a heavy fleece upon a sheep with long, slender legs and neck, and a thin, lathy, loose body. On the contrary, we expect to find the many good qualities desirable in the sheep that is close-built, leg, neck and head short, well ribbed up, girth large in proportion to the other measurements, the wool covering every part from the hoof to the nostril, and upon the whole the sheep rather small than otherwise. Immense progress has been attained by judicious breeding in the past few years in the quantity, quality and value of the wool, and in the beauty of the animals; and these improvements may be extended to almost an infinite degree of perfection. In sheep-keeping, as in every other business, profit being the primary object, every one should exercise his own judgment as to the proper variety for his location, and within his means. Those who would profit by keeping sheep should seek to obtain a thorough knowledge of the nature and qualities of each breed, and choose the kind best suited to his locality, climate, soil and market. In deciding the question whether to keep mutton sheep or sheep for wool only, he of course should take into view the uniform demand for wool and for mutton in his locality, and choose accordingly.

As this article is becoming lengthy, I will conclude. In my next I will describe and give the qualities of some of the best breeds of heavy fleeced fine wool sheep, now raised with the most success and profit in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and also such hints on their management as may be of practical value to all sheep keepers. In conclusion at this time, I would say that wool growers should just now be wide awake to their interests. Numbers of buyers are now in the country offering to contract for the next clip at prices which would, until recently, have been considered very high. Those who have noticed the wool market know that prices have advanced very much within the past two months. Contractors tell us those prices will not continue. They may not, but I think they are just as likely to go higher. I shall hold on to my wool, and would advise the wool growing readers of the "Newspaper" to not be in a hurry to contract their wool. I think it will pay to hold on.

Will the publishers of the "Newspaper" please give particular attention to the wool market, and keep us posted each week on the prices and prospects? BUCKEYE.

Chili, Ohio, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

To Northern, Eastern and Wesstern Farmers.

Dear Newspaper:—As I am an old contributor to the Farmer Department, and as I am aware that the "Dollar Newspaper" has an extensive circulation among farmers north, east and west, I would take this timely opportunity of stating a few facts, and giving a few hints which may prove beneficial to those who have sense enough to embrace them. I have, for the present, left the plow to shoulder a musket in defence of my bleeding country; but, at the same time, anything that may appertain to the farmer's interest shall not escape my notice, and, if I can find time and opportunity, I shall occasionally send you items of agricultural interest.

Agriculture is in a deplorable state in this section of our once beloved and prosperous Union. Farms are deserted and neglected; and the many vacant mansions which meet the eye on every side, here in Middle Tennessee, would bring to mind Hood's "Haunted House." Agriculture, no more than commerce, can flourish in the midst of hostile armies. Bad as was the result of last year's operations on the plantations hereabout, we are assured that they promise even worse this year. The negro, the chief instrument of the planter, no longer restrined by the fear of punishment, or held in subjection by affection for his master, has "laid down the shovel and the hoe"—he will neither hold the plow, nor drive; but seeks freedom and independence, and prefers to rely upon chance for future subsistence. Accordingly he abandons his master and the service to which he has been accustomed, and hunts employment of another kind. Negroes come into our camp every day, and offer their services to our officers as cooks, servants, etc., and they ever prefer to work on fortifications than dwell any longer with their Southern masters. They place all confidence in the "Yankee." But to our subject. In regard to help, therefore, the prospects for what few planters remain are unpromising. What little land is to be cultivated will chiefly be devoted to the raising of breadstuffs; but the inducements to produce these are discouraging. So long as hostile armies remain in a place, they must be subsisted; and the producer must, to a great extent, supply the subsistence. In view of this fact, few will care to attempt to do more than produce a sufficiency for their own private use, and there is no certainty that they will retain that much. Starvation stares the rebels in the face, and what loyal men yet remain in the South are making tracks Northward every opportunity that offers. Agriculture has no impulse here. But the Union army must be fed, even if rebels and traitors are left to starve. Therefore, the farmers of the North, East and West, have an important work devolved upon them. Grain must be produced. Their labor must furnish food not only to supply the deficiency of other sections, but to meet the increasing demand of our army, and also the demand consequent upon affairs on the European continent. Let our farmers go to work diligently, and see that measures are taken to produce such crops of breadstuffs as their rich and luxuriant regions have never before yielded. Let them plant plenty of beans, peas, potatoes, onions, etc. It will pay; as there will be a demand for all that they can produce. One thing is certain; to sustain life, stomachs must be filled.

FARMER WEST, turned soldier.

Murfreesboro', Tenn., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

POTATOES, SUBTSITUTES FOR COFFEE, ETC.

Very much has been given through the medium of the "Newspaper," to farmers on the subject of planting potatoes. While much has been said on this important subject, much theory, and little practice, can the farmer pick out of the columns devoted to potato culture. If "Dana" writes any more about potatoes, will he please inform one who don't know much about it, how he grows so many potatoes without having to mention the rot. In this country, one-half of the crop is lost by the rot, leaving the small ones, however, uninjured. Now if any farmer has a way of planting and cultivating, and preventing loss by the rot, he will be a public benefactor to make public his plan, in as few words as possible, so as to be plain to the unlearned. Our way of growing is as follows. The land, mostly stubble, is plowed say two weeks before planting, the land is well harrowed, and then marked out in furrows three feet apart; the manure, if from the barnyard, is first spread over the ground to be raked in, as soon as the sets are laid in the furrow. We cut the potato so as to leave two eyes to a set, which is enough; one will do, but there is danger of the eye becoming injured, in which case it will not grow. Ten inches apart in the furrow is near enough; as soon as they appear above ground, a half a foot or so, we run the cultivator (hoe ko) once between the rows, doing this as often as we can spare time from our other work, until the vines fill up the track. Flour of lime sprinkled liberally over the vines, and in the furrows when planting, tends to keep off the potato fly in a way greatly to prevent the rot. I forgot to say that we cover with a hoe; plowing is not a good plan, hoeing up to the vines is better. The variety we cultivate are a long red, somewhat rough, but very sound; they vary in size from two to eight inches in length. The Irish call them the Cork reddies. I think the potato rot could be remedied if proper steps were taken to ascertain the causes. If our State Legislature had devoted but one-half of the money appropriated to the so-called charitable institutions, to found an Agricultural College, in which successful search would be made for both cause and remedy, a better object would be attained than to make mere political capital by throwing away the people's money. I know of one Institution in this county that has received $50,000 from the State, and is ready for as much more. Yet our legislators are nearly all farmers. Have they no desire to encourage agriculture, the main pillar of our national existence? These are not times to squander the public money in making fat offices for the lazy. Let it be spent in promoting agriculture and commerce. Inquiry.—Will any one who sees this, please give their experience in finding a good substitute for coffee; if they have it for sale, advertise? J. S. H.

Del. Co., Pa., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OATS.

In a communication to the "Dollar Newspaper," some considerable time ago, I recommended fall plowing for oats. I had myself made that experiment, and succeeded in raising a much better crop than I did the same season on land equally as good, but which I plowed in the spring. I sowed no oats this season; but one of my neighbors, who plowed his land last fall, and sowed his oats very early in the spring as I had advised, raised a much better crop than any of his neighbors who plowed their ground in the spring. The oat crop this season has partially failed in our country, and from the same cause by which it was injured last season; the insect in the head, and the rust. It is apprehended that this injury to the crop may continue, and grow worse another year, unless something shall be done to prevent the evil. I think that fall plowing, and very early sowing in the spring, would secure it against both the insect and the rust. It will be remembered that the whole crop, a few years since, was similarly affected, and in order to guard against the injury, the wheat was sown much earlier in the season than it had formerly been, and the very earliest varieties were cultivated. By this means it escaped, and large crops were secured. It is possible the same remedy might operate in the same manner with the oat crop. But in order to sow very early in the spring, the ground should be plowed in the fall, and prepared for the seed. Besides the greater certainty of securing a good crop, there are many advantages to be gained by plowing the oat ground in the fall. The farmer thereby gains time in the spring for other work when it generally crowds most, and when the weather is most settled. It also cleanses the land from noxious weeds and grass, much better than when it is plowed in the spring, and puts it in better condition for the subsequent crop of grass or grain. Many farmers object to sowing clover on oat land, because it so generally fails to grow well, and they therefore plow down the oat stubble, and sow the land with winter grain, which should never be done, and never is done, where good husbandry prevails. This is now the season for this work, and as the experiment can so easily be made, I trust many of the enterprising readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" engaged in agriculture will make the trial, and at the proper season report the result through your widely circulated paper. FARMER.

New Jersey, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LABOR SAVING.

It was with feelings of extreme pleasure that I read the various suggestions on this subject in the recent numbers of the "Newspaper." Dana has furnished quite a number of ways to raise potatoes by a labor-saving plan; all tending to make the farmer independent of never satisfied laborers. When farm hands demand from $1 to $2 per day for wages, it will scarcely do to employ them in the potato field or at hoeing corn. The colored farm hand is generally willing to labor 75 cents to $1 per day, doing his work as well or better than the white laborer who demands 25 or 50 per cent. more. Now, I am not an Abolitionist; but hold, like Franklin, that

"A penny saved is two pennies clear.
A pin a day is a groat a year."

Twenty-five cents a day saved, will amount to a good sum of money in a year's time, and will, if the farm be large, enable the possessor to buy a mower and reaper, or a threshing machine, or any other really labor-saving machine. "Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more," and will too, if applied usefully. One dollar spent for the "Newspaper" will double itself by furnishing new ideas; one hour spent in reading the practical views of other farmers, will save days of toil as regards labor-saving. If the farmer desires to have his farm clear of weeds, he must not let the few growing along the fence go to seed, or he will have ten times the labor next year, with but little chance of ever exterminating them. A few nails in time in the weather-boarding of the barn, may save the roof from being blown off by the high winds. Every farmer should be enough of a mechanic to do most of his repairing; he should be capable of making anything, from a hoe handle to a plow beam, from a set of trees to the axles of his wagon. A few tools and a little genius (which every true Yankee possesses), is all that is required; for instance, he can take a piece of good hickory wood, the length of a single tree, to make it as stiff as possible, he must make one side straight, the side or part next the horses must be thickest in the middle, and taper ont to each end. The iron part he can put on himself by the kitchen fire. A wheelwright will charge 25 cents for the wood in the smallest piece of work, besides his labor. A saw, the broad axe, a drawing knife, and a few other tools, most of which are lying about the barn, is all that is needed. A supply of wood should be cut in mid-winter to be free from worms. J. S. H.

Del. Co., Pa., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WEEDS.

One of the speakers, while discussing the subject of grasses, at the Yale Agricultural lectures a few years since, remarked that one main cause of the diminution of grass was the prevalence of weeds. At present in many of our meadows nearly one-third of the plants will be found to be weeds. Much ignorance exists among farmers upon the subject. Very few try to know the names of the grasses growing on their farms, nor can they distinguish one kind from another. They pay entirely too little attention to the comparative nutritive value of the different species, the soils best adapted to them, and the purposes for which they are intended. Every year increases the demand, and, consequently, the value of the hay crop. Its improvement, cultivation, and increase should command a far greater share of the farmer's attention than it ordinarily receives. The sowing months for this latitude, August and September, are now past; yet the coming Spring will afford an opportunity for attending to this matter. As to the best kind of grasses, there is still much difference of opinion. Allen, who, perhaps, is the most reliable authority we have, says that timothy, for cultivation in the northern portion of the United States, is the first in the list of grasses. "It is indigenous to this country, and flourishes in all soils, except such as are wet, too light, dry, or sandy; and it is found in perfection on the rich clays and clay loams which lie between 38 degrees and 40 degrees north latitude. It is a perennial, easy of cultivation, hardy and of luxurious growth, and on its favorite soil yields from one and a half to two tons of hay per acre at one cutting." *Blacksville, Va., Nov.*, 1862. J. B. F.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DOMESTIC GUANO.

In your last week's issue, a contributor gives a receipt for making domestic guano, and refers to an article written by S. J. D., some weeks ago, and confirms the theory which I advocated on that subject, viz: that alkaline substances should not be mixed with organic manure. He solicits, also, the "modus operandi" of an intermixture of saltpetre, sal-ammoniac, gypsum, ashes, and hen manure. I would reply, let him proceed according to his own precept in the last issue of the "Dollar Newspaper," namely, saltpetre, sal ammoniac, plaster, and rich dirt; deposit this composition in some dry shed; now gather the hen manure and rich shovelings of yard dirt, or fine scrapings of the wood pile; spread alternate layers of each, hen manure, plaster, dirt—let it dry, and turn over and mix thoroughly, and after moderate fermentation occurs, mix both compositions and let lay for a few weeks, and meanwhile stir often and pulverize well. But admit no ashes in this mass, nor lime; put *them* on the soil separately, as a top dressing, for the best of reasons, that an *alkali* dissipates the ammonia from the manure, and allows it to escape into the air, to fertilize your neighbor's field; but plaster, being the *sulphate of lime*, combines with the ammoniac gases, retains them, and appropriates them to the growing crops. But I will discuss this matter further, on some future occasion. S. J. D.

Yardleyville, Mercer County, N. J., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INTERNATIONAL TAX LAW.

It would be a great favor to us farmers, to learn what are our duties and liabilities under the International Tax Law. One of my neighbors, in his innocence and ignorance, carted to market, and offered for sale, a barrel of apple whisky which he had made from his own apples. He was forbidden to sell it, and threatened with a prosecution should he make the sale, as it was alleged to be in violation of the law to do so without license. Many farmers of this neighborhood have been in the practice, heretofore, of having their grain converted into flour, which they have sold in large or small quantities, to suit the convenience of purchasers, and retained the bran for feed for their stock. It is contended by some, that they have no longer this privilege, without first obtaining a license. And as dealers in produce are required to have a license, whether they sell from a store, stall, or in a wagon from door to door, farmers are afraid to convey to market and offer for sale their potatoes, apples, butter, eggs, or any other article of farm produce, without a license. Can you or any of your intelligent correspondents, enlighten us upon this subject, or obtain for us from head-quarters the information which we so much need? Must every farmer, before he can sell his produce, obtain a pedlar's license, or subject himself to heavy penalties? INQUIRER.

HOW TO MAKE POT POURRI.

This is a heterogenous mixture of all sorts of sweet scented flowers and herbs, to be placed in drawers for scenting linen, or in elegant china vases, scattered through the rooms, and kept covered up so as to prevent the escape of the aroma, which is given out only when the top is removed and the mixture stirred up by the hands. The flowers should be gathered when quite dry, and not too fully expanded. Separate the petals from the calyx and green leaves. Spread them out thinly to dry in a slightly shaded place, and turn them frequently until they are quite dry. The best flowers for the purpose are those of the orange, magnolia fuscata, roses, lavender, clove carnations, &c.; and of herbs, all the sorts of thyme, mint, sweet smelling verbena, &c., which, when dried, by being hung up in small bunches, in a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees, are then to be pounded down and placed in the vases. And to every pound of flowers or dried herbs one ounce of ground spice and dried orange peel may be added. Avoid salt, although it has been recommended. The Pot Pourri of the perfumers, called *Sachet powders*, is composed of flowers and herbs when dried, being all ground together in a mill. In making *Sachet*, the perfumers use, besides the flowers, Tonquin beans, Vanilla pods, Orris root and similar aromatics. Taste and fancy alone guide the domestic maker in the proportions to be used.—*Scottish Farmer.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Will some one of the numerous correspondents of the "Newspaper" inform a subscriber the best means of removing warts from cows teats, as I have a valuable one much troubled with them, making it tedious milking. M. J. T.

HOUSE FLIES.—Take as much each of ground black pepper and sugar as will lie on a dime, moisten with two teaspoonsful of cream or rich milk, and spread it on a plate or board; the flies eat it, seek the air, and die out of doors. Or mix the liquor of boiled poke-root with a little molasses, and spread it about on plates.

ALONE AT HOME.

[The following lines embody a touch of real poetry, and will awaken feelings akin to those that prompted them in many a sympathizing bosom. They are from the Camden, N. J., Democrat of May 23:]

Oh, dear old home, alone and weary-hearted
The minstrel comes again in twilight hours,
But not to sing, as in days departed
The tender love-song through thy blooming bowers.
His voice forgets to wake the thrilling numbers,
His saddened soul hath lost its olden fire,
For the dark cypress and the grave mold cumbers [lyre;
The hand that tuned the passion-breathing
The stars look down through drooping boughs above him,
So like the eyes of strangers, stern and cold,
Oh, home, old home! thou hast no hearts to love him—
No clasping hands as in the days of old.

Here is the roof, beneath the bending willow,
Where to his side the fond inspirer came;
And brilliant visions floated round his pillow,
And whispered through his sleep the dream of fame;
And from this porch he watched the moonlit river,
And saw the white-robed singers float along
And heard the voice that made his young heart quiver
With all the tender mysteries of song. [him,
Oh, willow-bough! bend kindly down above
And let him press thee with his fingers cold,
For home, old home, thou hast no hearts to love him—
No clasping hands, as in the days of old.

And where are they, the fondly-loved and loving,
Who used to greet him in thy fragrant bowers?
Two far away, in other lands, are roving,
And two are exiles in this land of ours.
And some have to the battle-field departed,
Young patriots, for their stricken country brave,
And one most loved, the true and tender-hearted,
Twice have the violets blossomed on his grave.
Oh, friend, lost friend! look from the skies above him—
The minstrel yearns for thee with grief untold,
Here in his home, with no fond hearts to love him—
No clasping hands, as in the days of old.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MYSTERIOUS WATCH.

You have no faith in the supernatural? I have. You do not believe in necromancy or astrology, or in the power of the evil eye? I do. The reason for this is, you are Americans, descended from English ancestors. While I have German blood in my veins, and inherit a reverence for what you sneer at. Were a disembodied spirit to rise at my bedside, to-night, I should question it, and own to being frightened, while you would throw a candlestick at its immaterial head, and insist to the last upon its being a burglar in disguise. Yet mark me, in spite of yourself, your hair would rise, and your blood curdle, and you would feel what you would not acknowledge for the world. Bah! If such things have no existence, what do our strange shiverings and shudderings mean? and why do we look about us with awe-stricken eyes when we pass grave yards after dark? You do not, you say. Are you sure of it? I have never seen a ghost, and I cannot say I desire the spectacle. There must be an uncomfortable beating of the heart at such a sight. I doubt if many could retain both life and reason through such an ordeal.

I am a doctor. Years ago I was poor and young. I came from my own country with my diploma and nothing else. I found that the great cities of the new world were full of doctors young and poor as I was. I left them and went Westward. I settled in the State of Indiana. It was then one great forest with clearings here and there for fields of corn and rude log houses. Any one led a hard life there, and a doctor's, it seemed to me, the worst of all. Miles and miles of hard riding, through rain and mud, to visit patients who could pay nothing; miles back again, to steal a few moments of repose before another announcement of some one being "very bad" was the skin and bones in a twelvemonth, but that was nothing uncommon in that part of the world. The only wonder is that I did not have what they called "fever 'n ager." I was the only person free from it for fifty square miles. However, I prospered after a certain fashion, and in a year or two made a considerable local reputation. The place was growing and my spirits began to revive.

It was about this time when I first saw my watch, to which all I have now to tell relates. A cold night in November had set in. I was at supper in my little home, and enjoying it as only a hungry and weary man can enjoy food. Don't ask what I had; it was out West remember. Of course there was a preparation of pork, and a preparation of whisky; corn meal, pork and whisky are the staple articles out West. I was enjoying my supper, as I have said, and a loud knock at my door was not the most delightful sound which could have broken the silence. However, I said "come in!" with as good grace as possible, and a stranger entered. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, in the dress of a backwoodsman, and his large features wore a troubled expression. I saw at once something serious had occurred.

"It's a bad night to trouble you to come so far, doctor," he said, looking at me from under his fur cap, "but there's a bad accident happened over at our clearin'; and if you kin do anything for the poor chap I'll be glad to see it done, more particularly as I helped to shoot him."

"Helped to shoot him!" I said, with a start; "what do you mean?"

"We took him for some kind of a critter, that's how it was," answered my visiter; "not-a-purpose, stranger. We think heaps of him. I'd sooner hev shot myself."

I knew that the man spoke the truth, and taking my box of surgical instruments under my arm, followed him to the spot where his horse was tied. Mine was already saddled, my little darkey knew well enough what the arrival portended, and had made him ready. We were off in a few moments.

Few words were spoken as we rode along through the darkness. I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion replied—"I'm afeared they be, doctor." I asked if the injured man was young or old, and he answered, "Rising forty;" and then, after a few words upon the badness of the road, we relapsed into silence.

At last a glimmering light told that we had approached a dwelling, and with a short "We're near, doctor," my companion sprung from his saddle and entered the door. I followed him. The room was feebly lit by flickering candles. About a bed in the centre were grouped four or five men and a woman, large and broad shouldered as any of her masculine companions. A child, too, lay crying in its cradle, but no one seemed to notice him. They made way for my approach and I saw a figure stretched upon the bed. It was that of a man with sinewy limbs and weather-beaten face. His shirt was unbuttoned, and the breast and sleeves were soaked with blood.

"Taint of no use, doctor," he said, as I bent over him; "I'm gone good. Doctor's stuff aint no account to me now."

I did not believe him. His face was not that of a dying man, and the wounds scarcely seemed dangerous.

"These bullets are bad things to have in a man's side," I said, "but men have lived through more than that. Cheer up!"

"I ain't down hearted, doctor," answered the man. "I shan't leave no children nor no wife to fret after me and suffer for want of my rifle. I never hev been much afeared of death. But I tell you all you can do's no use. There's a sign I can't be mistook."

The group about the bed glanced at each other, and the woman shook her head at me as though she would have said, "Never mind his words."

I did what I could for him. The bullets were extracted, and the wounds bound up. He was weak, but not desperately so. I looked at him and smiled. "How now?" said I.

"Taint no use—the watch is stopping fast," he answered.

Then for the first time I noticed that beside him on the bed lay a great old fashioned silver watch, the case battered, the face discolored, and that it ticked with a strange, dull sound, as though it were very old and feeble.

"The watch has been injured by the bullets, I suppose," said I; "besides all watches stop at times."

"Not this one, stranger," said the wounded man. "They've laughed about that watch a hundred times; now they'll find my story's true, I reckon. That watch and I will stop at the same minute."

The woman at the bedside shook her head again. "It's an old fancy of yourn, Mike Barlow," she said; "you'll live to see the folly of it."

"So they talk," said the man. "Now listen, doctor. You've come to see me, and done all you could. I'll give you that watch. Its money valley aint much, but it'll do you service. It was give to me by an old Frenchman, out to Canady, when he was layin' just as I am layin'. It had been his father's and his grandfather's, and his great grandfather's before that; and this is what he told me about it, and this is what you'll find to be true. That watch will tick slow and steady, regular as the sun, as long as whoever it belongs to is well, and safe, and thriving. When there's danger coming, it begins to go fast, faster, and faster and faster, until it is past, and so loud that you can hear it across the room as plain as if you held it in your hand. When death is coming, that watch begins to stop. It grows slower and slower. Its voice grows hollow, and when the breath leaves the body, there's no more sound to be heard, and all you can do won't make it go for a year. At the end of that time it will start all of a sudden, and after that time you can read your fate by it, and know your death hour. It was so after old Pierre died. It will be so now. Keep the watch when I am gone, doctor."

I could not help looking with some interest at the battered time-piece. A strange, strange story had been woven about it, and the marvellous always had a charm for me. I sat beside my patient until he sunk to sleep. He seemed to be doing well still, and I had no doubt but that the morning light would see him greatly better. But Western hospitality would not permit of my departure at that late hour, and I was lodged in an upper chamber upon a bed as clean and simple as it was fragrant. I slept soundly. At midnight, however, I was awakened by the news that my patient was worse. He had awakened in mortal agony. Some inward injury, impossible to discover, had done its work. I said nothing of hope now, and the dying man looked at me with a ghastly smile.

"Take the watch," he said. "Watch it and me, you will find me right."

These were the last words he uttered. He muttered incoherently after this, tossed his arms about and struggled for breath. At last he seemed to sink into a slumber. My hand was on his heart. I felt its beatings grow faint, fainter, fainter still. At last there was no motion. He was dead. I lifted the watch to my ear—that had stopped also.

There were tears in the eyes of the rough men about me, and the woman wept as she might for one of her own kindred. I could do no good now, and I turned away, leaving the watch upon the coverlid, but one of the men came after me.

"He give it to you," he said, "and it's yourn. He had nobody belongin' to him, so you needn't be afeered to take it. He must have taken a likin' to you, for he thought a heap of it. Take it, doctor." And so the watch was mine.

It was dumb and motionless, and remained so. I took it to a watchmaker, and he laughed at the idea of its ever going again. This was after I had left the West and dwelt in a large and populous city in the Eastern States, some eight or nine months after poor Mike Barlow's death. The watchmaker only confirmed my own suspicions. It was a strange coincidence that it should last exactly its master's lifetime, but that was all. So I hung it upon my chamber wall, as a memento of those days of toil and struggle in the far West.

One morning I awoke early. The blushes of dawn were just breaking over the earth. It was the month of November, but still the day was lovely. There was an unwonted sound in my room. At first I could not guess from whence it came. Had the sky been cloudy, I should have imagined it to be the rain upon the roof. Then I began to feel that this sound I heard was too delicate for the patter of rain. It might have been the clang of a fairy hammer, or the tapping of the bill of some mute bird, so save that it was too regular. But the mystery of the sound was that it seemed to appeal to me—to reproach me with forgetting it.

I sat up and looked about me. In an instant I understood the sound. It was the tick of the old watch on the wall. Silent for a twelvemonth, it had found my young voice, as though some spirit voice had touched its springs. I looked at my memorandum book. Twelve o'clock of the past night was the anniversary of Mike Barlow's death. His words had come true at last. He had said that, when it once began to move, it would be as my monitor of safety or danger. All else had happened as he had foretold; why should not this come to pass? I wore upon my guard chain a dainty little Geneva watch. I unfastened it, and put the battered silver monster in its place. The budding development of the mystery made it more precious to me than if it had been set with jewels.

It did not stop again. I heard the soft clear "tick, tick, tick," all day, and when I awakened in the night. Once or twice it beat more rapidly than usual and always before I had in the first time when fever threatened me; the second as I stood upon a broken bridge, which was swept away one hour afterwards; and at other moments which I have forgotten, but which served to keep alive the fancy that I have loved to cherish. Never was its voice so clear and soft as on that evening when I first met Miss Kroy. I loved her from the first moment, and she loved me in return. We had neither of us any friends to interfere, for she was an orphan, brotherless and sisterless; and so, after a brief courtship, we were married.

That I had secrets from my wife, and in a little while she learned the story of the watch. She had faith in it, and thought, or fancied she could detect the very shades of difference in its utterance, when I was weary, she said the watch was weary too; when I was glad it had a joyous echo. I know that on that night when feeble breath fluttered in a feebler frame, and the little creature to whom our love had given existence struggled vainly for life, there was a piteous cadence in the voice of that old watch I hope never to hear again.

So we lived on together. It was God's will that we should be childless, but we loved each other all the more. I grew rich and prosperous, and our only grief was the missing of those baby eyes and voices which we had hoped to have about our hearth.

It was my fortieth birthday—I shall never forget the day—when the watch began its warning. My wife and I heard it at one moment. Never before had the voice of that watch been loud and rapid. All day long, and the next, and all the next that warning continued. The strong pulse within the watch shook the table on which it rested when I drew it from my pocket, and made the garments of my bosom rise and fall when I replaced it. Were we threatened with illness? No! her cheek was blooming and my pulse was regular. What could it mean?

After four days I began to laugh at my own credulity, and even Rosa began to lose her faith in the monitor. About noon I left her, and went alone to a little room where I kept my medical works and where are drugs and other curiosities. It was my purpose to study for a lecture which I was to deliver that evening. I seated myself at my desk and commenced to read, but after a few moments I began to experience a singular faintness, and to inhale a disagreeable odor. I recognized it's smell in a moment. In one of the jars upon my shelves was a rare essence or great use in cases where a suspension of consciousness was necessary, but excessively dangerous, save in skillful hands. Some one—a servant perhaps—had been meddling with the jar and removed the stopper, and the room was filled with the powerful odor. I must leave it if I would live. I staggered to the door, put my hand upon the lock, when horror of horrors! it remained immovable—something had happened to the catch. I tried to call aloud, but my voice failed me. I clutched the table for support, but lost my hold, and fell heavily to the floor. I could see nothing—all grew dark about me. Mechanically, I placed my hand upon the watch within my bosom. It had stopped! and I remembered nothing more.

Consciousness came back to me, as it may come back to a new born babe, for aught I know. I felt without understanding it, a succession of facts for which I cared nothing; I was in the dark; I was very cold, and my movements were constrained, but it did not seem as though that were any affair of mine. Hunger at last awoke me; the animal at last aroused the mental, and I began to wonder where I had been, and where I was. I put my hand up as well as I could. There was a low roof over my head, folds of muslin lay about me, and something was on my breast which emitted a sickly fragrance—a bunch of flowers seeming half withered. I knew this by the touch. What was the matter with me? Why could I not breathe freely? Was I blind and deaf, that I could neither see nor hear? Suddenly the truth flashed across me; I had been buried alive! I lay in my coffin.

And all this time, you ask, where was my wife? How had she borne the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon her? She it was who found me senseless upon my study floor; and she it was who hoped for returning consciousness, after all others despaired. At last they told her that I was dead, and shrouded me for burial. Learned men decided that the strange preservation of my frame was caused by the manner of my death, and at length my body was committed to the tomb.

I had often made my wife promise me that if I died first she would take the watch into her own possession, and wear it while she lived; and so, now that all was over, she took it, voiceless as it was, and laid it next her bosom. For three days and nights she never slept; but at last exhaustion did its work, and she fell into a heavy slumber. She was awakened by a sound as strange as it was unexpected. The watch, silent since that fatal day, had begun to tick—fast and furious, as it never ticked before; loud enough to make her spring from her pillow in an agony of hope and fear.

Those about her thought she was a mad woman; but, in her weakness, the strength of her purpose bore all before her. Out into the midnight she went, and they followed her. Through the streets of the deserted town she passed in her white night robes, like a ghost, and they dared not hold her back. She reached the churchyard at last, and beat wildly on the old sexton's door.

"I am come to tell you to open my husband's vault" she said, "he is come to life again."

He also thought her mad, and yet dared not do less her, and all the while the furious ticking of the watch was heard by each one there. It seemed as if, when the doors were opened, and the black coffin stood upon the turf, I grew musical when my wife bent over me and caught me to her heart—no corpse, but a living man, and it has had no change in its regular beat since that moment.

It is here now, battered and worn as it was when it first came into my possession; and you may laugh alike at the watch and the superstition with which it is connected. But my wife believes in it firmly, and loves it as though it were a living thing; and for the matter of that, so do I!

AFFAIRS IN THE REBEL STATES.

REPORT OF A RELEASED NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

The World's corre